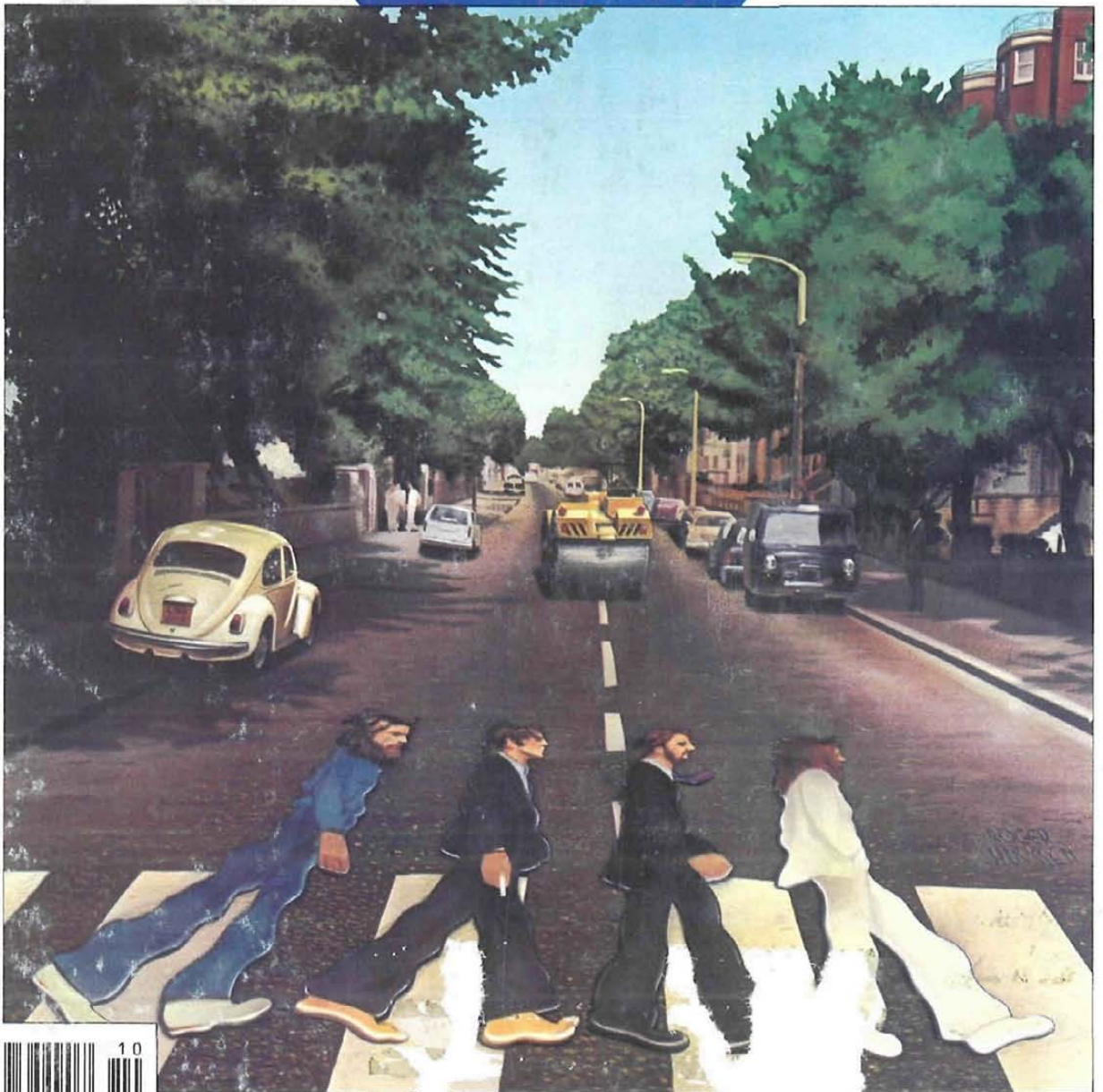


BEATLES NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1977
PRICE \$1.25

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34490



**It would be foolish to create
a new line of speakers
and not overcome these obstacles...**

The HPM series.

Four radically new speaker systems specifically designed to beat the best.

You can't beat JBL, Advent, Bose and AR with me-too ideas. They're really good speakers.

So, instead of just trying to make better conventional speakers, we knew we had to come up with a totally different and superior design concept.

After years of research and development, our engineers found the answer. They created a whole new technology based on the electrical properties of High Polymer Molecular film. The result is a sound that's louder, clearer, more natural, lower in distortion than you ever expected to hear out of a speaker system.

HPM film technology requires no magnet, no coil, no cone or dome, no moving parts at all. The amplified signal is converted into sound waves directly at the surface of a thin, light membrane. And the entire structure housing the membrane can be curved for the best possible sound dispersion.

Pioneer's new HPM drivers combine high efficiency with amazingly accurate transient response. Distortion is virtually nonexistent even at very high sound-pressure levels. The principle was evolved mainly for tweeters, although a giant HPM woofer is at least a theoretical possibility.

In each of the new Pioneer models shown here, regardless

of price, the top end of the audio spectrum is reproduced by an HPM driver. In the big HPM-200 system, so is the upper midrange.

The woofers used in the HPM series are almost as unconventional, even though they still have cones. But what cones! They combine low mass and high rigidity to an unprecedented degree, thanks to an exclusive method of reinforcement with carbon fibers. As a result, they move as true pistons, without any of the smearing of bass frequencies experienced with ordinary cones.

Of course, the proof of a new speaker technology isn't in the telling but in the listening.

If the new HPM speakers didn't have audibly more impact, more detail, more transparency than the best previous speakers at comparable prices, our engineering effort would have been a meaningless exercise. There are certainly enough speakers on the market today.

So we invite you to listen and compare very carefully. Match the HPM in the price range of your choice against the corresponding speaker on the far right, or anything else in your dealer's showroom.

We think you'll end up agreeing that a good new idea beats a good old idea every time.

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85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
New Jersey 07074.

Pioneer HPM-200
5-way 5-driver system

Pioneer HPM-100
4-way 4-driver system

Pioneer HPM-60
4-way 4-driver system

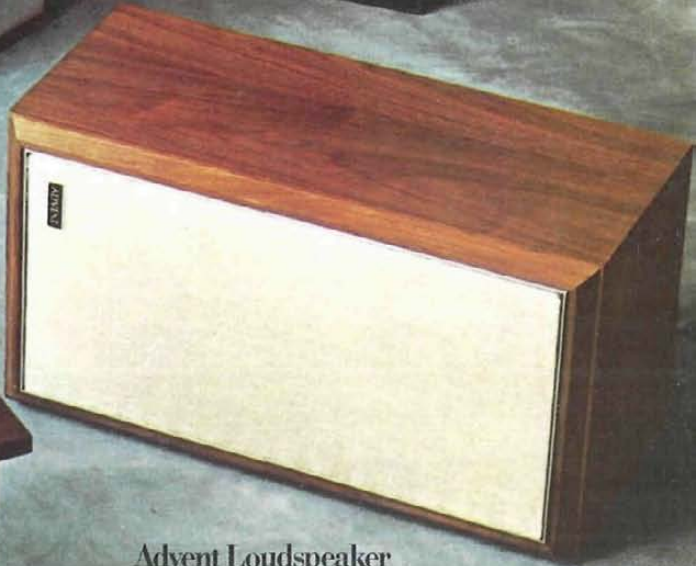
Pioneer HPM-10
3-way 3-driver system

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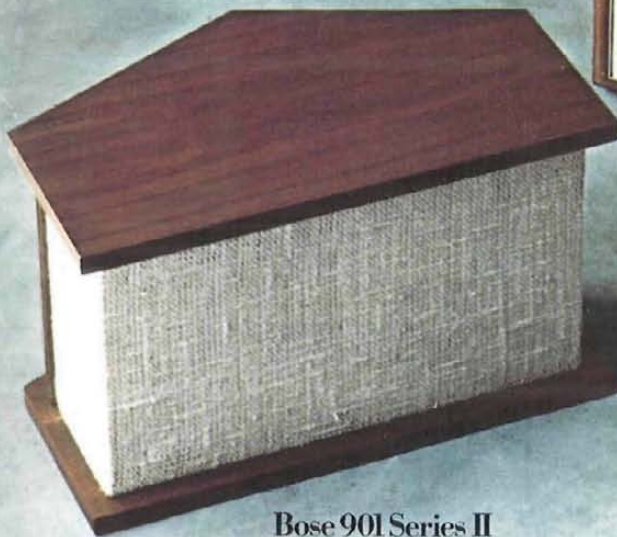
JBL Horizon LI66



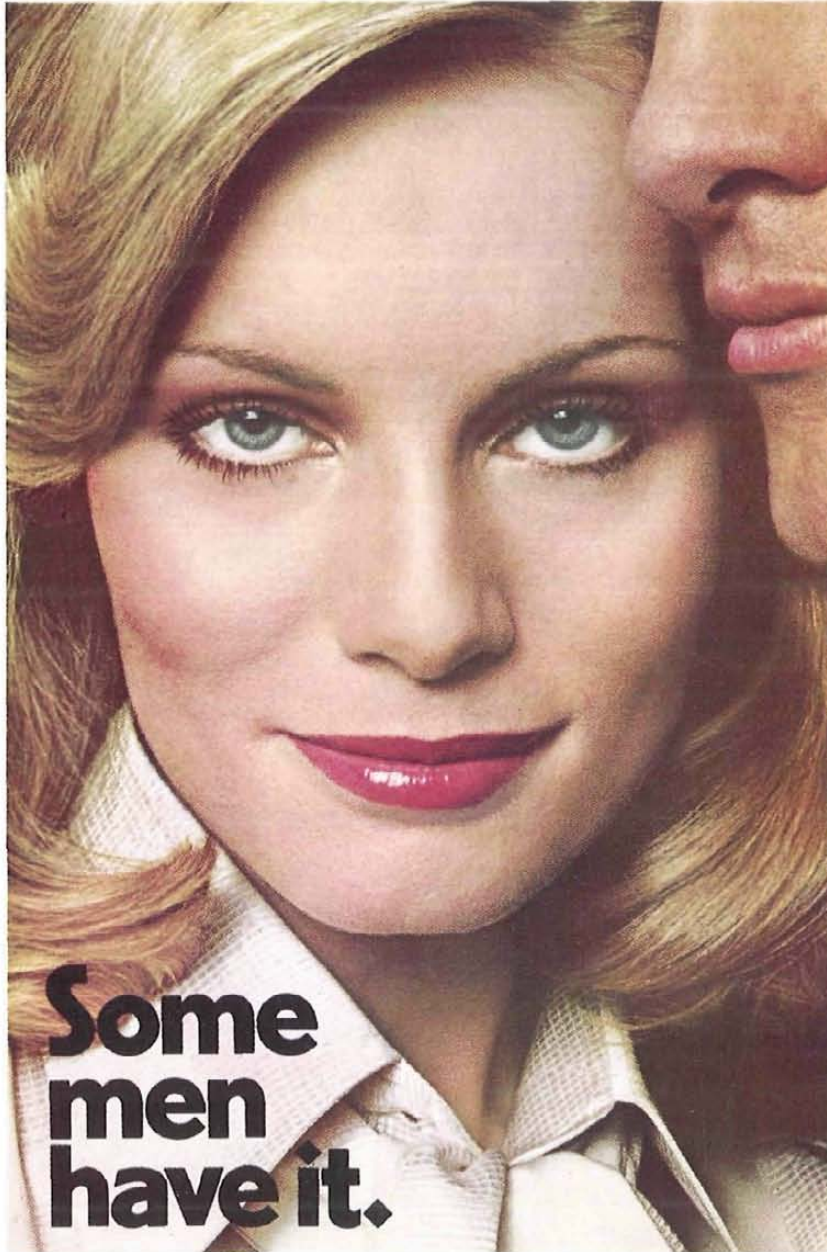
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MEM COMPANY, INC. Northvale, N.J. 07647 ©1977. Available in Canada. Also available in gift sets from \$4.00 to \$17.50.

2 NATIONAL LAMPOON

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The Carter Family



by Bob Bob Carter, the President's Cousin

Sorry that I missed us a month of column-writing; it was just that me and Cousin Billy got a little further into the bottle than is probably good because of sitting around the house bored with nothing to do as a result of President Jimmy Earl making us stay inside that month so we wouldn't say anything public while James Earl Ray was on the loose. Not that I know what Cousin Jimmy was so worried about, since Billy and me do in no way approve of shooting important Negroes in the sixties and both of us think that Ray fellow should have been fined plenty. Anyways, I've been sort of layed-up off my feed for a while since then and have put my time into use doing some finding out about the Carter family kin and where they come from like that *Rooters* book fellow did for the colored. Hell, because folks are white doesn't mean they just sprung up out of the dirt and didn't come from nowhere. And white people had to pay their way here, too, and didn't have any fancy plantation jobs waiting for them when they arrived, either.

Turns out the Carters came from overseas. Been here a long time, too, according to Miss Lillian, who's no suckling calf her own self and ought to know. Why, there were Carter ladies on the Pilgrims' sailboat to New England (which later became part of the North but was not then yet). One of them got tried for being a witch and having love relations with the Devil in the shape of pigs and goats. But she was acquitted for being too ugly. The judge said there weren't no pigs or goats that would do it. Cousin Ruth claims the Good Lord protects us Carters that way. There was a big Carter preacher there, too, Produce Carter, who converted dozens and dozens of heathen Indian squaws, mostly young ones about fifteen, and several colored girls also, who claimed they were Christian already but probably practiced secret African mud

continued

IF YOU HAVE AN EAR FOR MUSIC, YOU NEED THREE HEADS TO TAPE IT.

2-Head Cassette Recorders made home recording convenient.
Now the 3-Head Fisher CR5120 makes it professional.

It really isn't fair to compare the Fisher Studio Standard CR5120 to other cassette recorders. Its superior flexibility and performance are comparable only to the most sophisticated reel-to-reel tape decks. The CR5120 combines the conveni-

ence of cassette with 3-head tape/source monitoring. The CR5120 delivers exceptional performance with important recording features like Dolby® noise reduction, signal limiting, and LED peak indicators. Eliminate

Guesswork. The only way to make consistently perfect high fidelity recordings is to compare the quality of the taped signal to the original while the tape is actually being made. Studio engineers call this "monitoring," and it can only be accomplished on a 3-head tape deck. Monitoring subjects every inch of tape to instantaneous analysis by the most sensitive acoustic device available—the human ear—assuring a perfect "take" without guesswork.

Better Sound. Nearly all cassette decks have two tape heads—an erase head and a record/playback head. Even the best of them exhibit certain unavoidable compromises due to the combination record/playback head configuration. These compromises, although accepted by the industry, were not acceptable to Fisher engineers. They created the CR5120, a major advancement in cassette deck technology utilizing three separate, precision long-life ferrite tape heads: erase, record, and playback. Fisher engineers developed a wide-gap

4-micron record head for high output with an incredible 64dB signal-to-noise ratio...and a playback head having a very narrow gap (1.6 micron) for extended frequency response—30 to 18,000 Hz, ± 3 dB. The result is sound recorded on the CR5120 is exactly like the original. No more...and no less.

A recording studio engineer would never consider recording without the improved performance and monitoring capabilities of a 3-head tape deck—and neither should you.

The CR5120 provides a tape/source monitor switch for instantaneous comparison while listening.

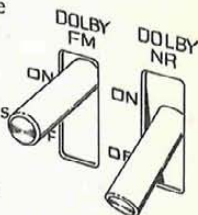
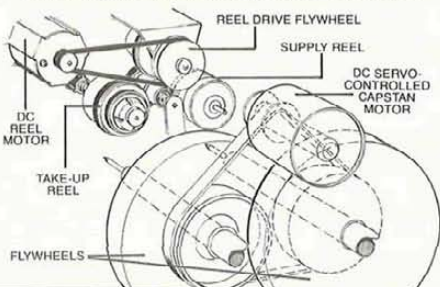
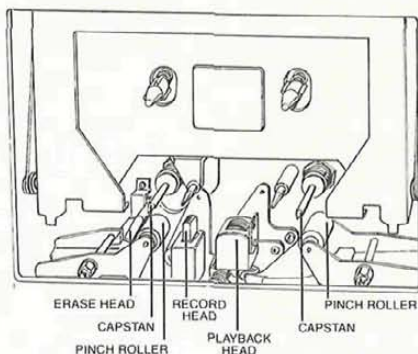
2-Motor, Dual-Capstan Tape Transport. Professional recording requires tape alignment exactly perpendicular to the tape heads. To accomplish this, Fisher engineers equipped the CR5120 with two capstan/pinch roller assemblies: one preceding, the other following the tape heads. Both capstans are micro-ground for absolute concentricity; and each is fitted with a heavy, dynamically balanced flywheel for smooth operation. The capstans are driven by a servo-controlled

Hall-effect DC motor for absolute speed accuracy, independent of fluctuations in AC line voltage. A second, DC-controlled motor provides the proper hold-back tension. This configuration, standard for professional recording equipment, is responsible for the CR5120's exceptionally low wow and flutter specification of 0.04% WRMS ... performance superior to most reel-to-reel decks.

Dolby Noise Reduction For Tape and FM. The CR5120 utilizes Dolby noise reduction to suppress tape hiss, improving recorded dynamic range up to 10dB. It incorporates separate record and playback Dolby IC circuitry so that both the source and monitored signals are simultaneously Dolby processed—a feature found only in the most advanced recording systems. Dolby circuitry is also provided to decode Dolby FM broadcasts.

Other Professional Features. Separate input and output controls for each channel provide maximum flexibility. Two illuminated VU meters, each with an LED peak indicator calibrated to +3 VU for accurate visual monitoring. Switchable limiter circuitry prevents distortion due to tape saturation. A three-digit counter with memory is included to quickly, automatically, locate the start of a recorded program. Four preamplifiers are included—two for recording and two for playback. Two-head decks use only two preamplifiers.

The Final Word. The unique Fisher CR5120 is priced about \$350.** Available at fine audio stores or the audio department of better department stores.



CR5120



FISHER
The first name in high fidelity.

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*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc.
**Mfg. suggested retail price. Actual sale price is determined by dealer.

Specifications

Frequency Response (record/playback)	
Standard Tape	30-15,000 Hz, ± 3 dB
CrO ₂ Tape	30-18,000 Hz, ± 3 dB
Wow & Flutter	0.04% WRMS
Signal to Noise Ratio	64dB
Dimensions (HxWxD)	6 1/2" x 17 1/8" x 12 1/2"

THE CARTER FAMILY

continued

worship or something while nobody was looking. And there were a bunch of Carters in the Revolutionary War, and they all fought the British. When they could find way. Or fought each other when they couldn't. Two or three of them made corporal, which is higher than I ever got in the Navy, and one rode a horse all the way to Valley Forge from a tavern in Baltimore, Maryland, to tell General Washington that England had surrendered. It hadn't, but he meant well, and was just trying to raise everyone's spirits some. There were Carter mountain men, too. Why, my uncle Sorrel himself stayed in the woods up on Mt. Mudtop over to Chattanooga for more than a week once when his wife throwed him out. And there were Carter Indian fighters. Leastwise I suppose there were. Don't see any reason why we would have treated Indians different from everybody else. Then there was my sixth great third cousin twice removed, Jimson Carter, who discovered gold in California — two rings and a watchcase. There was some outcry about that, however, as a local feed merchant had turned up missing down a dry gulch the same day.

Along about the time of the War among the States, there was a regular explosion of Carters in history. General Bovine Carter of the Georgia Fifth Militia left for Vera Cruz the day after Fort Sumter and declared Mexico to be seceded from the Union, which it has remained to this very day. Other Carters from every walk of life served in the South; many served as far in the south as they could get. Colonel Pawpaw Carter captained the famous Carter's Raiders in behind-the-lines raids on Savannah, Charleston, and Charlotte early as 1861. And Produce Carter's great-great-great-grandnephew, Hummock, led a one-man siege of Chicago. Anyway, that's what he said he went up north to do. But although the Carter family members were great patriots of the Confederacy, they were not without moral botherments about having slaves all over the place. Even before the war, they had let many of their slaves go free, or, if not exactly free, at least for a real low price.

Right after the great defeat, Hummock's brother Redbone became the first Negro to be elected governor of Georgia by rubbing burnt cork on his face and singing all the time. He

continued

NATIONAL LAMPOON



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The trail driver's shirt kept the weather off a man who often spent weeks in the saddle.

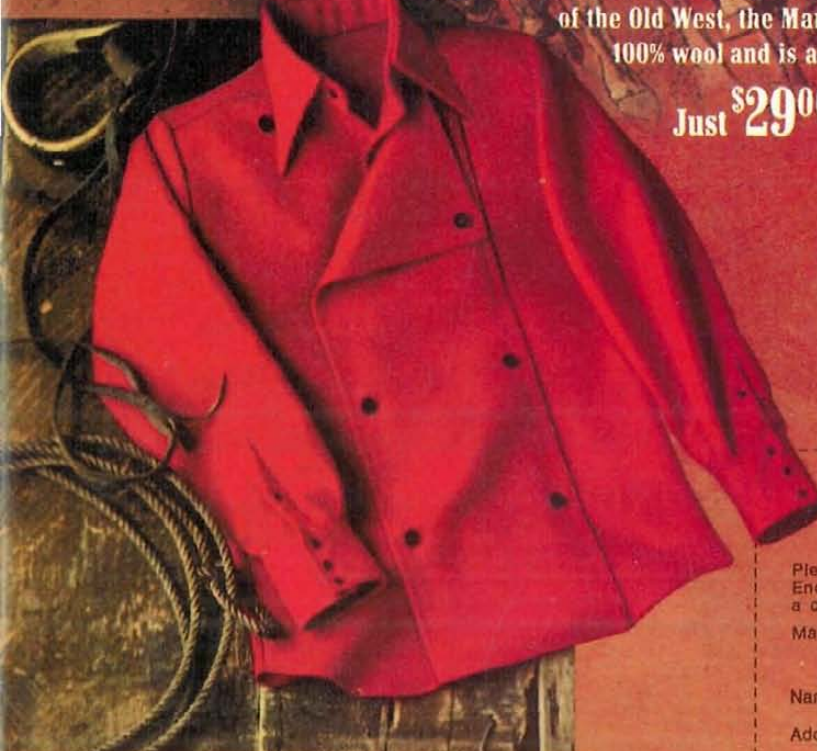
And it buttoned up tight when the snow blew so hard and heavy

he couldn't see the trail he was ridin'. Designed in the heritage

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THE CARTER FAMILY

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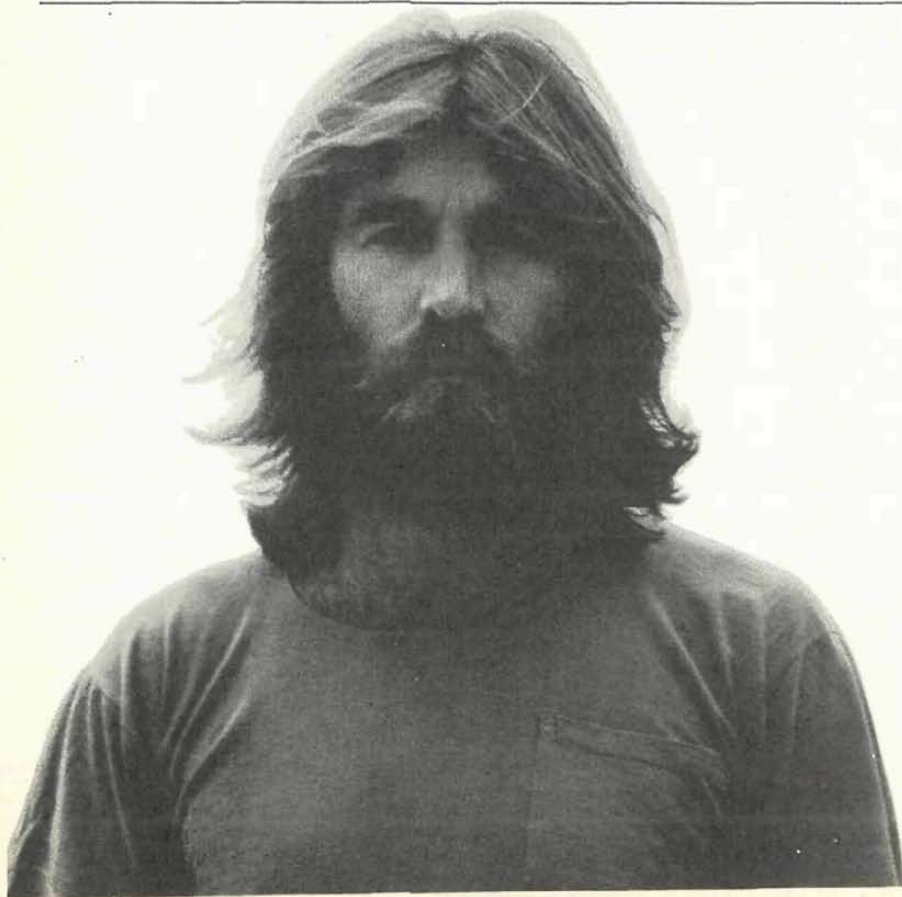
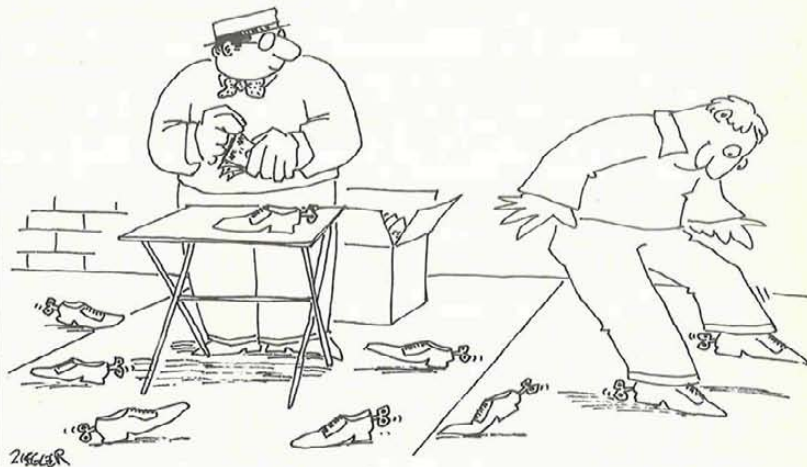
would have done pretty good at the job, too, if he hadn't been lynched out of office right away for accidentally thrashing an Exalted Kleagle that had got himself a sort of dark tan.

About that time, there was also Buffalo Leroy Carter, who traveled out to Pecos, Texas, to put on a Wild West Show, but it turned out they already had all the wild west they needed so that was something of a failure, as was also the Tame East Show he tried to put on there next, but he was a prominent citizen in Pecos anyway, all things considered.

There have been a lot of famous Carters since then (not counting Jimmy Earl, who is probably about the most famous person in the world who isn't dead yet), such as the fellow with the liver pills who is no doubt some or another kind of cousin although he doesn't call or write much. Plus Billy and young Chip and Miss Lillian and cousin Ruth. It's work for two men and a boy to learn up on them all — not like that *Rooters* fellow who had some hoo-doo man tell him everything. Though I did copy out a lot from Miss Rosalynn's book that

she's writing on called *Carters All over the World in America*. Besides, there aren't much in the way of hoo-doo men around here except for maybe old Gumbo Henry in the shack down behind the rail siding, who cuts the heads off live chickens and sprinkles their blood around for some of the local colored women who'd be better off to go up to Atlanta and get aborted, truth be told. But I didn't want anybody to be thinking that

white folks don't have relatives and relations, even if we don't go around begatting extra ones off any woman that'll hold still, the way some races do. I'll mention no names. And we should all be rightly proud of our families even if certain family members have a fault or a flaw, such as not A-bombing a bunch of dirty helicopter-snatching North Koreans, for instance, the way certain members of certain families won't. □



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WHERE we come from, a car is not made to drive you to the supermarket. A car is made to drive you to ecstasy. That the ecstasy happens on the way to the supermarket is incidental.

This attitude about driving led us in our early years to build sports cars.

Over the first quarter of this



century, they became a legend around the racing circuits of Europe.

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Panasonic Sound Pumps. Two sizes, 6" x 9" or 5 1/4" with 10-oz. or 20-oz. magnets. Both pump out hi-test for your ears.

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THE MILK OF THE GODS



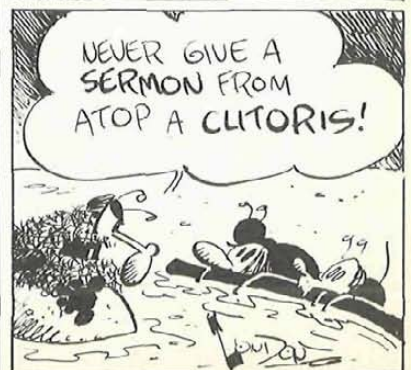
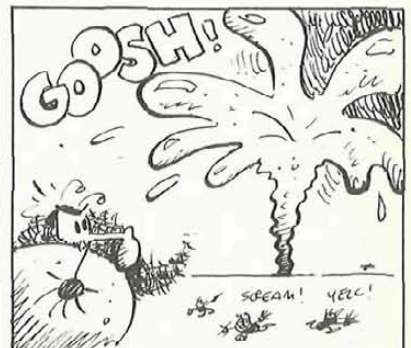
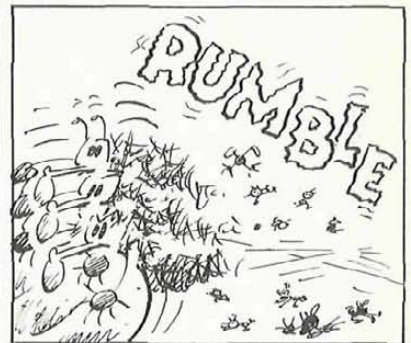
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No matter what system you own, a new Empire phono cartridge is certain to improve its performance.
The advantages of Empire are threefold.
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Already your system sounds better.

MODEL	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000	
FREQUENCY RESPONSE	10Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-45KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 1 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	
TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-1¼ gm	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-2 gm	1½-3 gm	
SEPARATION: 15Hz to 1KHz 1KHz to 20KHz 20KHz to 50KHz 20 Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15KHz 15KHz to 20KHz	28 db 23 db 15 db	26 db 21 db 15 db	24 db 20 db 15 db	20 db 30 db 25 db	20 db 28 db 20 db	20 db 25 db 18 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	16 db 21 db 13 db
I. M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.08% 2KHz-20KHz	.1% 2KHz-20KHz	.15% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz
STYLUS	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.3 x .7 mil elliptical	.7 mil radius spherical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.2 milligram	6 milligram	6 milligram	6 milligram	.9 milligram	1 milligram
COMPLIANCE	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	20x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	18x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	17x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	16x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	14x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	30 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	38 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ .9 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1 KHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 2 gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within ¾ db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1¼ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz
INPUT LOAD	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	300 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel

EDITORIAL

Beatle Quiz

by David Friend

So they're still your favorite group?! As far as you're concerned, the rest have all been pale imitations of the original. Well, they're part of history now, so it's no longer enough to go through your seventh copy of *Rubber Soul* or pay fifty dollars for an obscure bootleg from Copenhagen of outtakes of the bass drum track on "You Can't Do That." These days, it's brush up or shut up. So here's a quiz to separate the true beatlievers from the day trippers.

P.S. Here's another clue for you all: the walrus was Paul.

1. What fruit was Apple Records, at one point, going to be named after?
(Allen Klein)
2. In the film *Yellow Submarine*, what were the Beatles chasing?
(Ten million dollars in screen rights, and album royalties, and song royalties)
3. What disease did George give his new-estranged wife Patti "Layla" Boyd that forced her to desert him?
(The Clapton)
4. When did Paul McCartney record "Silly Love Songs"?
(1963-1977)
5. Paul broke off from the Beatles for what two reasons?
(Linda's honey-nipped breasts, the size of the cabages)
6. On what label does George Harrison's latest album appropriately appear?
(Dark Horse Apples)
7. What two groups in 1969 and 1970, respectively, recorded albums in an attempt to simulate the Beatles' style?
(The Mills Brothers; the Ink Spots)
8. What was John Lennon's one regret about the "nude" album cover he and Yoko Ono posed for?
(That Yoko, as in later drinks, didn't wear a bag over her head)
9. Which of the original Beatles was endowed with the largest manhood?
(Best, Peter)
10. Who performed directly before the Beatles on their first "Ed Sullivan Show" appearance?
(Ed Sullivan)
11. In Yoko's film that shows nothing but a building standing from early morning to twilight, what Beatle song does she allude to?
(I Am the Walrus)
12. What does Ringo Starr wear on his fingers?
(Gloves, or "mittens")
13. In 1974, when John Lennon appeared in the audience at the Troubadour to catch the Smothers Brothers' "reunion," disrupting the show, threatening a photographer, and wearing a Kotex on his head, why was he tossed out of the club?
(For no reason)
14. Sgt. Pepper is a parody of what album?
(The Rolling Stones' Their Satanic Majesties Request)
15. In order to record albums with other musicians, George had to change radically due to contract stipulations. What was his pseudonym?
(Harry Jorgenson)
16. What did George's dentist put in his and John's coffee?
(Cream and sugar)
17. Ringo's first wife was named (choose one):
(a) Tricia Cox
(b) Archibald Cox
(c) Wally Cox
(d) Brenda Starr
18. Which Beatle is known as the Walrus?
(a) John Lennon
(b) Paul McCartney
(c) One of the above
19. Paul was born the same year Germany declared war on:
(a) Its allies
(b) Television
(c) Thursday
(d) Billy Jay Kramer
20. *Eight Arms to Hold You* was the title of which Beatle film?
(It wasn't)
21. In John's song "God," when you play the title backwards, what book of Lennon's does it allude to?
(A Spaniel in the Works)
22. After which of the "Wings" musicians is a song on the *Magical Mystery Tour* album prophetically entitled?
(Denny Laine)
23. In the photos enclosed in the *White Album*, what does John wear on his forehead?
(A huge bimple that he covered up with make-up, but everyone notices it and no one talks about it)
24. On what is "Back in the USSR" a take-off?
(A BOAC jet liner)
25. On side two of the *White Album*, why does a chicken screech across the soundtrack of "Why Don't We Do It in the Road"?
(To get to the other side)
26. Why did George Harrison go to India?
(To get to the other side)
27. What is the title of Brian Epstein's autobiography?
(A Cellarful of Boys)

SCORE

100	Fifth Beatle
90	Quarryman
80	Apple Scruff
70	One of the Beautiful People
60	Stu Sutcliffe loyalist
50	You're a loser
40	Nowhere Person
Below 30	Hey hey, you're a monkey!



Announcing new
Winston Light 100's.



Extra length.
Low tar.
Real Winston
taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Sirs:
I didn't really steal those votes back in 1948. I just borrowed them. I gave them all back in 1952. Honest.

L.B.J.
Heaven, Texas

Sirs:
You wonder why we blow things up? Well, how would you like to belong to a terrorist organization that keeps getting mistaken for mold-iced custard with burnt caramel icing?

The FALN
New Yorko Rico

Sirs:
We hear a lot lately about growing rural poverty. I'd like to know one thing. Exactly how do you grow rural poverty?

A Curious Reader
Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:
Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me. But no illegal aliens, please.

Ms. Liberty
First Golden Door on the Right

Sirs:
Frankly, we're a country with so much freedom we don't know what to do with it. If you have any suggestions in twenty-five words or less, please send them to:

Denmark
Box 406, Europe

Sirs:
Why aren't we ever satirized in your magazine? We're just as big assholes as our dads.

Desi Arnaz, Jr.
Frank Sinatra, Jr.
Deano Martin
Hollywood, Fla.

Sirs:
We just had a war! Yes sir, a great big old war with Libya. And you know what? Nobody gave a fuck. How about that.

President Anwar Sadat
Kayro, Egypt

Sirs:
Here's a little prayer that I've always found comforting. I hope you will print it in your magazine.

I Thank Thee

*My God I thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Of beauty and of light.
So many glorious thing are here,
Noble, just, and right.*

a horrible, slimy personality, not exhaustion.

Tony Orlando
Rubber Ranch, Utah

Sirs:
I am fully aware that in the vernacular of the common people, the word *throne* means "toilet." Consequently, when the newspapers featured headlines that read, "Queen Celebrates Twenty-five Years on the Throne," we all had a good chuckle. Mum is a bit of a potty hog, so we found this doubly humorous!

Charles
P. of Wales
B. Empire

Sirs:
I feel London, I feel France. I feel Sally's underpants.

Stevie Wonder
Motown, Mich.

Sirs:
Have you ever noticed that when a pitcher stands on the mound, he looks like a very large nipple on a very small breast? We have many times, and we just thought you might like to know. Pop and Polly Psy Collegetown, Mich.

Sirs:
For the last time, Christine McVie used to be married to John McVie, but divorced him because he was holding her down. Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks sleep together sometimes. John sleeps with Stevie sometimes. Leslie sleeps with Christine when Stevie is wearing the red flag. John doesn't care who has what just so long as Mick Fleetwood stays away from him. Mick doesn't like anyone and sleeps alone. John Mayall used to fuck us all. Okay?

Fleetwood Mac
c/o AM/FM

Sirs:
I just wrote this up. Can you use it in your magazine?

Ethel Gas
Berm, N.H.

Sirs:
Just thought I'd let you know in advance that all of you are listed in the forthcoming edition of *Who's Who in Gay America*.

Bud Fugger
San Francisco, Calif.

NO. 1 RICHIE HAVENS MIRAGE
PRODUCED BY CHRISTOPHER BOND
AM & M RECORDS AND TAPES

*If only You would bless me with
Someone to fuck tonight.*

M. T. Bed
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:
We've shot down Gary Powers. Does this mean I have to walk out of the Paris summit conference? Is there a summit conference in Paris? Was I invited?

Governor Jerry Brown
Sacramento, Calif.

Sirs:
Did you see those newspaper reports saying I'd been hospitalized for exhaustion? Well, I was not hospitalized for exhaustion. I was hospitalized for stupidity, tastelessness, and

continued

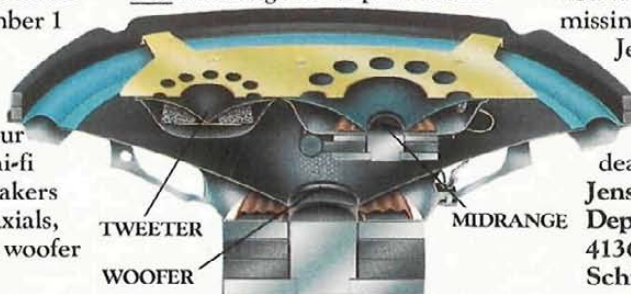
Car stereo speakers that think they're home stereo speakers.

We've taken 50 years of in-home speaker technology and applied it to our car stereo speakers. The result: rich, warm high fidelity sound for your car that has made Jensen the undisputed Number 1 in car stereo speakers.

32 Different Models

Jensen has a speaker for your taste, your car and your wallet. Like a full line of hi-fi models, surface mount speakers and a complete line of coaxials, each with its own separate woofer and tweeter.

Introducing the Jensen Triaxial[®] 3-Way Speaker. The first car stereo speaker available with a woofer, solid-state tweeter and midrange for superb sound



reproduction. The Triaxial[®] 3-way speaker works on the same principal as the best home speakers

for the ultimate in car stereo sound.

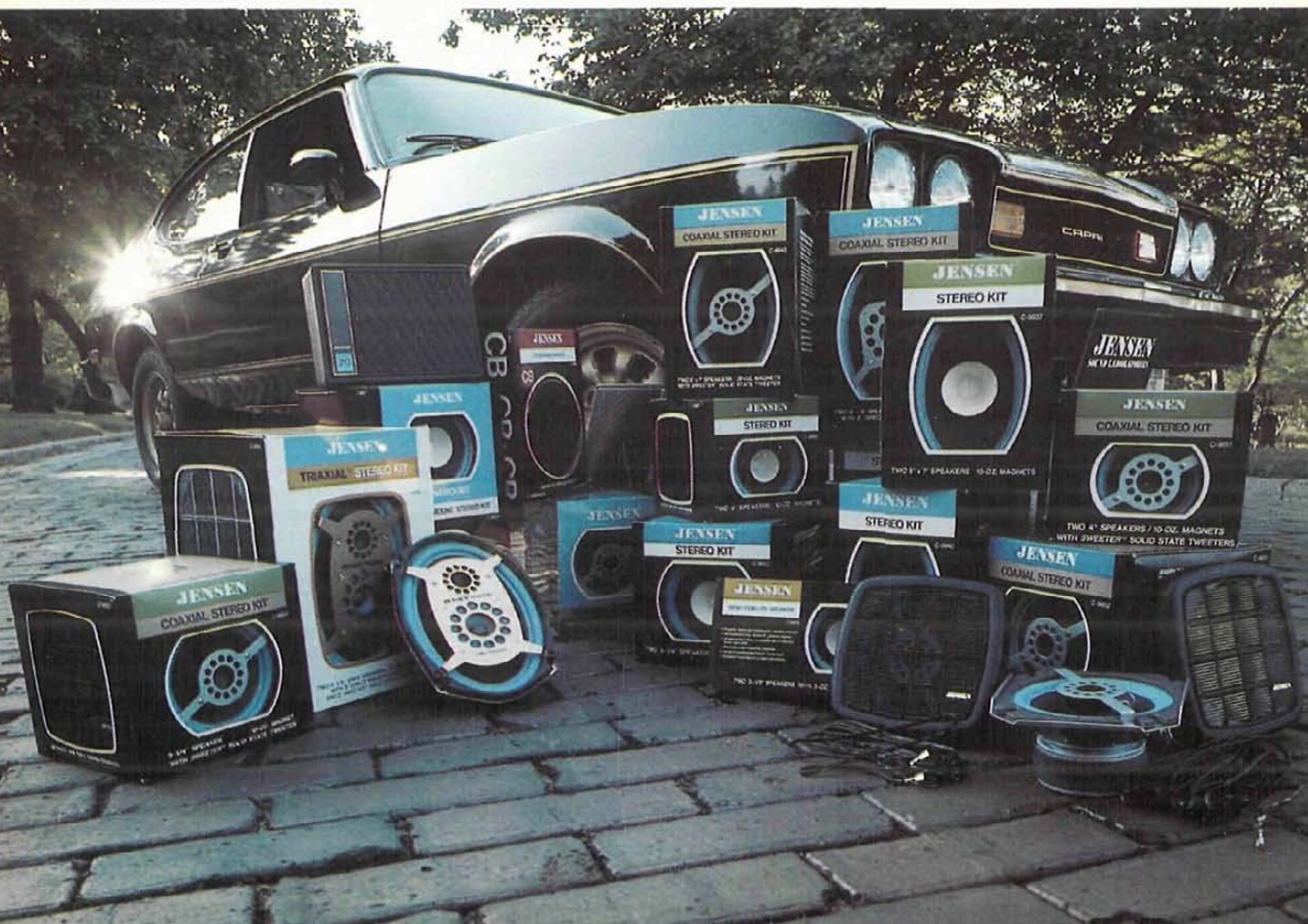
Ask your local Jensen dealer for a demonstration. You won't know what you're missing until you hear these new

Jensen car stereo speakers perform for you. For more information and the name of your local dealer, write

Jensen Sound Laboratories
Dept. NL-107
4136 N. United Parkway
Schiller Park, Illinois 60176.

JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
Division of Pemcor, Inc.

*"Triax" and "Triaxial" are registered trademarks identifying the 3-way car stereo speaker of Jensen Sound Laboratories, Division of Pemcor, Inc.



LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

Go fugue yourself.

Johann Sebastian Bach
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Sirs:

What's all this shit about a neutron
bong?

A. Head
L.A., Calif.

Sirs:

The West Bank? It's only fifteen
miles from Tel Aviv. Don't think of it
as colonialization; think of it as flight
to the suburbs.

Menahem Begin
Westchester, Israel

Sirs:

If you want to be happy for the rest
of your life, never make a pretty
woman your wife. From my personal
point of view, get an ugly girl to marry
you.

Bella Abzug
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Knock, knock.
(You say) "Who there?"
Señorita .

(You say) "Señorita who?"

Señor eata Barbara Walters!

Fidel Castro
Havana, the Caribbean,
Africa, the World

Sirs:

A lot of people think we political
conservatives are a grumpy lot of fat
old stuffed shirts. Not so. We're a fun-
loving young bunch of beautiful girls
and handsome guys with tons of
money, and we don't give a *shit* about
the poor.

A Bunch of Carefree Right-Wingers
Up in First Class

Sirs:

We've been beating up on colored
people. Of course, it was very difficult
to find any colored people to beat up
on; but we Swedes have never been
afraid of hard work.

King Carl XVI Gustaf
Stockholm, Sweden

Sirs:

Enclosed is a photograph of Ne-
groes living up in the California hills
who all dye their hair blonde and
worship Farrah Fawcett-Majors.
They're called *Rasta Farrahians!!*

You can have this joke free if you

plug my new single.

Jimmy Buffett
Key West, Fla.



Sirs:

"Changes in Attitudes, Changes in
Latitudes," the new hit single by
Jimmy Buffett and the Coral Reefer
Band, is absolutely the most fabulous
new hit single ever in the history of
the world. Everybody alive just has to
go out and buy five copies of the
album of the same name immediately
this afternoon, and hurry up, because
the boat payment is due.

Mrs. Jimmy Buffett
Key West, Fla.

Sirs:

All we want from the white Rho-
desians is simple human justice and
equality. And some of their children
to eat.

Joshua Nkomo
Patriotic Front, Downtown Africa

Sirs:

There seems to be some misunder-
standing about the protests we've
been having here at Kent State. The
place where the school administration
wants to build the gym is *not* the place
where the four kids were shot. It's the
place where the National Guard stood
when they shot them. We think the
Guard did a hell of a fine job shooting
Communist hippie kids, and we want
that courageous action properly
commemorated.

Thank you for letting us straighten
things out.

Protesters
Kent State University
Kent, Ohio



**KONICA C-35 EF. WITH BUILT-IN
POP-UP FLASH.**

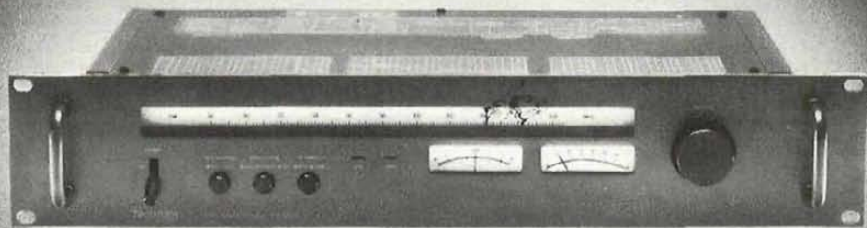
The Konica C35-EF is a pro-feature camera
that's as easy to use as an instant-load. It sets
exposures automatically. And it's the first
35 with a built-in electronic flash.

The C35-EF has a professional quality
lens. No wonder people say: "The lens
alone is worth the price!"

See the C35-EF at your Konica dealer.
Or write for full details to:
Konica Camera, Dept 5203,
Woodside, New York 11377.



Introducing the Technics ST-9030 tuner. Purists would feel better if it cost over \$1,000.



To some, tuners that offer 0.08% THD, 50 dB stereo separation, a capture ratio of 0.8 dB and waveform fidelity should demand a price tag of over \$1,000. But with the ST-9030 this performance can be yours for under \$400*.

That's quite a feat for a tuner. But then the ST-9030 is quite a tuner. It has two completely independent IF circuits: A narrow band, for ultra-sharp selectivity. And a wide band, for ultra-high separation and ultra-low distortion. It even selects the right band, depending on reception conditions, automatically.

Both bands give you the same extended flat frequency response. Because, unlike conventional tuners, the ST-9030 utilizes an electronic pilot cancel circuit that cuts the pilot signal, without cutting any of the high end. It's ingenious. And a Technics innovation.

The Technics ST-9030 has one of the quietest, most sensitive front ends of any tuner. With an advanced linear frequency 8-ganged tuning capacitor and 3 double-tuned circuits, plus dual gate MOS

FETs in the 2-stage RF amplifier and balanced mixer circuit. What's more, there's a servo tuning circuit that locks into the tuned frequency, regardless of minor fluctuations. The result: Negligible drift distortion and maximum stereo separation.

Technics ST-9030. Compare specifications. Compare prices. And you'll realize there's really no comparison.

THD (stereo): Wide—0.08% (1kHz). Narrow—0.3% (1kHz). S/N: 80 dB. FREQUENCY RESPONSE: 20Hz—18 kHz + 0.1, - 0.5 dB. SELECTIVITY: Wide—25 dB. Narrow—90 dB. CAPTURE RATIO: Wide—0.8 dB. Narrow—2.0 dB. IF, IMAGE and SPURIOUS RESPONSE REJECTIONS (98 mHz): 135 dB. AM SUPPRESSION (wide): 58 dB. STEREO SEPARATION (1 kHz): Wide—50 dB. Narrow—40 dB. CARRIER LEAK: Variable — 65 dB (19 kHz). Fixed — 70 dB (19 kHz, 38 kHz). SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE: \$399.95*

Technics ST-9030. A rare combination of audio technology. A new standard of audio excellence.

*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

Technics Professional Series
by Panasonic

RIPPING OFF THE LID



BY SHEV'YA BIYRDOFF

Editor's Note: Mr. Biyrdoff was born and educated in Russia, the only son of a one-time industrialist. A produce consultant by trade, he has become the object of worldwide attention by virtue of his outspoken criticism of the Soviet government and its policies. He was recently convicted by a high court of "whining without grounds and illegally undermining the Party," and "partying illegally without wine in an underground mine." He and his wife emigrated to America in February of this year. He now works as an investigative reporter.

This Month: The So-called "Unemployment Compensation"

I greet the reader by proclaiming, "Hello, you!" and I wonder: may I consider yourself to be that very reader? For it is apparent that you have traversed the requisite number of pages to eagerly scan what I now hold forth. Therefore, please be extremely happy to know that I have a handsome office with a functional door, a desk that does not fall down in the use of it, and an electrically-empowered typewriter that hums merrily beneath my creative fingers at work.

As I gaze about me, outside of my entirely transparent office window is America, a nation with vast wealth enough to stagger everybody if they merely look at it. Naturally, you burn to know: am I emotionally unhappy in such a case? Do I weep tears of remorse for my bereft motherland of Russia which I can never return to? Yes! And! No!

Let them defile her, those peasants made haughty with great power and a ruling party they can scare everybody with. Let them founder in their heaving wreck of a socialist Utopian arrangement, where the whole thing is a joke which does not make me laugh. I no longer care! I am here! In America,

yes, where the poor are respectful and the rich are splendid and safe.

I will confess. How I envied my father, now late, who would stroll the streets of Petrograd with his fellows discussing loudly Schiller and Goethe. How I craved to assume his role, and his, later, subsequently profitable iron mongeries. But it was not to be. History is a cruel slut, is she not.

I must not lament everything so early in my new job as an investigative reporter journalist. But I will boldly assert that I shall bring to this labor the same devotion to traditional living styles that I held onto with immense passion when the wild-screaming Bolshevik hordes forced my father, Trimya Biyrdoff, my mother, Katya, and my then-infant self to fall down from our life of meriment and live in a miserable, ugly barn and work for "the revolution" sorting potatoes according to size and mass.

I will explain more in the future.

Let me now instead kick off into the beginning of my arduous stint with an examination of the Unemployment Compensation Insurance Payments so, alas, common in this society where persons who do not work must nevertheless be fed and reproduced. Work, in fact, is as old as man, and man is as old as the Bible. Who will dispute that! Karl Marx, ha-ha? And let us admit it freely, who but God Almighty could have said, "Work ye, therefore, and make things/For that is what I have done/And look how wonderful I am!" Truth is stalking my typewriter now. Some of us live to work, others of us live to live. And yet! Even living is work.

Or so the fast-talking-Johnnies of the Unemployment Bureau payment lines would have us believe. But consider merely: if I am Society, and you are the one-who-lives, what is my duty to you? To be sure, I may say good day to you when we pass on the byway. I may doff my fashionable head apparel when you appear at my domicile with your lovely wife, who has graciously presented to my nuclear family a plate of homely-made savories and cupped-cakes. I may even offer to purchase for you an American refreshment such as a Harvey Stumblebum or a Blood-Besmeared Mary while we two discuss bond speculation on a tram. Yet what is my obligation to you? Surely not in paying you sums of currency with which to live

continued

Beef up your snacks.



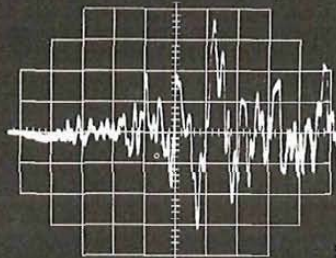
Take along Slim Jim® meat snacks. The chewy, all-meat sticks that come in six tasty flavors, fit right into your pack and keep you traveling light, but not empty. **A little less than a meal. A little more than a snack.®**



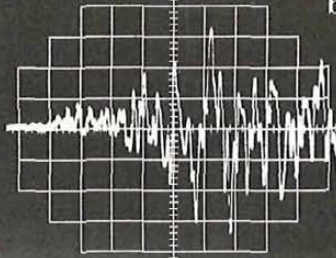
Technics wants you to see what other speakers don't let you hear.

Look at the waveforms. Technics has achieved phase linearity as well as wide frequency response. And that means we've achieved state of the art in high fidelity: virtually a mirror image of music as it was originally played. We call it waveform fidelity. Julian Hirsch, in June *Popular Electronics*, calls the Technics Linear Phase SB-6000A "...one of the better sounding speaker systems we have heard in a long time."

How did we do it? First by conducting exhaustive amplitude/phase studies in acoustically perfect chambers before designing and manufacturing each of the wide frequency/low distortion drivers. Then by developing a unique new phase-controlled crossover network



Live Piano Waveform.



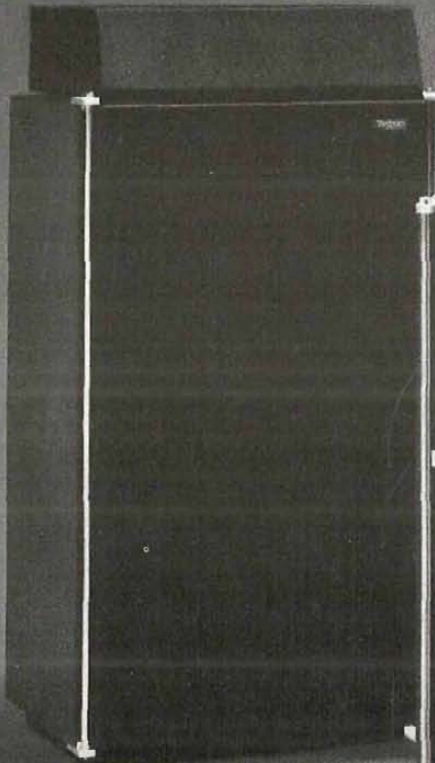
Piano Waveform reproduced by SB-7000A.

that compensates for the time delays caused by the wide range of frequencies in all music. While simultaneously compensating for the different acoustics of the woofer, midrange and tweeter. And finally by aligning each driver unit in the optimum acoustic position for precise linearity.

It's a lot of complicated engineering, but it all adds up to something very simple. Music as it was originally played. Nothing more, nothing less. And that's a lot.

Listen to Technics Linear Phase SB-7000A, SB-6000A and SB-5000A. They're now available for demonstration at selected audio dealers for very selective ears.

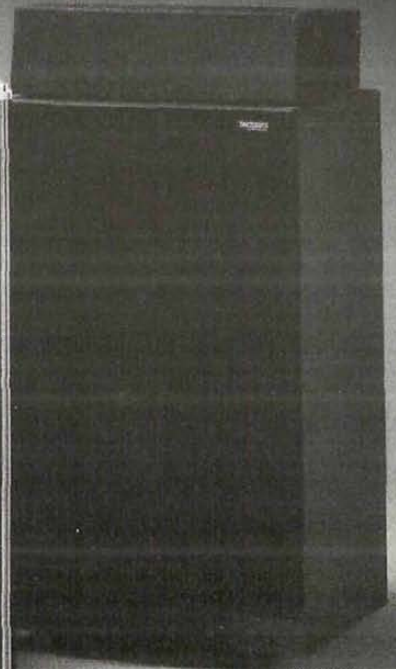
Technics Professional Series
by Panasonic



SB-6000A



SB-7000A



SB-5000A

RIPPING OFF THE LID

continued

high-with-a-hog in careless luxuries at my expense, that you may stroll at leisure about the body politic eating sweetmeats and humming pleasant airs while your fellow-ones toil for a better tomorrow.

Should we indeed grant monies and remittance of largess to such persons? I submit not. *Nor should we hurl them, woolly-bully, onto a large mound of potatoes and require them to distinguish between the big ones and the little ones, however.* And someone will say: what of incapable cripples, mewling orphans, wan, tiresome women who are fortune's dupe? Must we demand that they shoulder cumbersome burdens, thereby hastening their own life's

depletion of quantity and quality? Must we be so calloused and blistering that we deny them the food, clothing, and shelter so vivacious for life itself? No, do not think me so hard-bitten an "egg." Give them eat. Give them drink. Give them clothe. Shelter their frail forms. Allow them a pittance or two with which to eke out the agony of their few remaining days.

I am certain of your forgiveness if I have caused you to weep.

But what of the unemployed-yet-hale person who may work? What of his compensation? Why, I reveal, there is no problem at all but that cannot be rendered instantly understood by the dullest of our youths and bumpkins! If this unemployed indi-

continued on page 25



The Peavey CS Series

Last year when Peavey introduced the CS-800 Stereo Power Amp, professional sound men and engineers acclaimed it as the most versatile high performance power amp available for under \$1,500.00.

Now, there are two superbly engineered additions to the Peavey CS series, the CS-200 and CS-400. These new high performance amplifiers are built with the same meticulous quality control and engineering standards that go into the CS-800.

We invite you to compare the features designed into the CS series. You'll see why no other power amp offers the value built into a Peavey.

CS-200 \$324.50 *

- Monaural power amplifier
- 200 Watts rms
- 20 Hz to 50 kHz response
- Less than 0.1% THD
- Less than 0.2% IMD
- LED overload indicator
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling

CS-400 \$424.50 *

- Stereo power amplifier
- 200 Watts rms per channel
- 20 Hz to 50 kHz response
- Less than 0.1% THD
- Less than 0.2% IMD
- LED overload indicators
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling

CS-800 \$649.50 *

- Stereo power amplifier
- 400 Watts rms per channel
- 5 Hz to 60 kHz response
- Less than .05% THD
- Less than 0.1% IMD
- LED overload indicators
- Loudspeaker protection system
- Balanced input and electronic crossover capabilities
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling

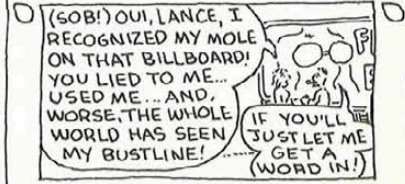


*Suggested Retail

Peavey Electronics, Corp. / Meridian, Mississippi 39801

CONDENSED MOVIES! BY ED SUBITZKY

ALL THE KEY SCENES!



THE END

Up to now you had to choose
between the turntable you wanted
and the turntable you could afford.



Introducing the MKII Series. Three new professional turntables: The SL-1300MKII automatic, the SL-1400MKII semi-automatic and the SL-1500MKII manual. All with a totally quartz-controlled direct-drive system with one big advantage: a moderate price.

So to unparalleled speed accuracy, powerful torque and fast start-up action, Technics MKII Series adds quartz accuracy to whatever pitch variation you desire. In exact 0.1% increments. At the touch of a button. And instantaneously displayed by LED.

What's more, all this technology has been compressed into four high-density IC's. So the MKII Series' styling is low, lean and clean.

And our low-mass S-shaped universal tonearm has been made so accurate, friction is an incredibly

low 7 mg. (vertical and lateral). The MKII Series also boasts a double-isolated suspension system and anti-resonant base material to minimize feedback.

Compare specifications. Compare prices. And you'll realize there's no comparison for Technics MKII Series.

MOTOR: Brushless DC motor, quartz-controlled phase-locked servo circuit. SPEED: 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ and 45 rpm. STARTING TORQUE: 1.5 kg. per cm. BUILD-UP TIME: 0.7 seconds (= 90° rotation) to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm. SPEED DRIFT: Within $\pm 0.002\%$. WOW & FLUTTER: 0.025% WRMS. RUMBLE: -73dB (DIN B). PITCH VARIATION: $\pm 9.9\%$. SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE*: \$399.95 (1300), \$369.95 (1400) and \$349.95 (1500).

The MKII Series. A rare combination of audio technology. A new standard of audio excellence.

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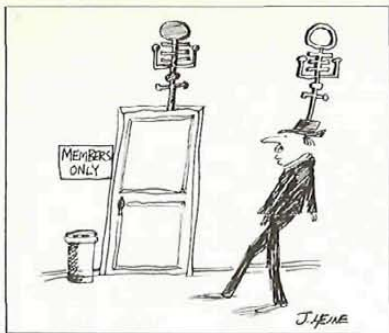
Buy just one Maxell cassette and see how much better it sounds than the tape you're using now.

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Maxell Corporation of America, Moonachie, N.J.



RIPPING OFF THE LID

continued from page 20

vidual is so idle, so full of leisurely yawns that he may, whenever the notion smites him, sport at games of chance and gambol at pleasure about our more beautiful parks and boulevards—and if, during this, you and I and Uncle Thomas must pour forth our good sweat in honest toil—why, then, please respond to this conundrum: who then is to merit compensation? Ourselves, consuming our energy and sapping the very marrow of our life's blood in the production of goods and services? Or the laggard unemployed one, who skips amongst the flower beds and plays Who-Can-Find-the-Hidden-One with the village idiot? Compensation? Pah! Let this one compensate on me!

Yes, you are hearing it thus. I declare, after much investigation and journalism, that everything is substantially correct but totally backwards. Let the unemployed person be compensatory to our selves. Let those jolly fellows, to whom investigation, reporting, and journalism is merely so much tedious what-have-you, present appreciable sums to the disposal of me and us—us, who with industry and agriculture labor tirelessly until we are exhausted over our jobs, our occupations, our tasks-to-do.

Even as I sit here in this totally sufficient office, working earnestly for my employer whom I love intensely, I am able to hear your expressions of agreement with what I am saying.

Ah, but someone will interlope, where are these unemployed persons to get the wherewithal to pay all of us with? Yet could any answer leap with greater rapidity to the lips? Why, from the very place where we ourselves get money for the necessities and luxuries of life! Let them get a job!

Thank you for reading with me until this juncture, and I yearn to see your eyes grace these pages next month and forever. Good-bye. □

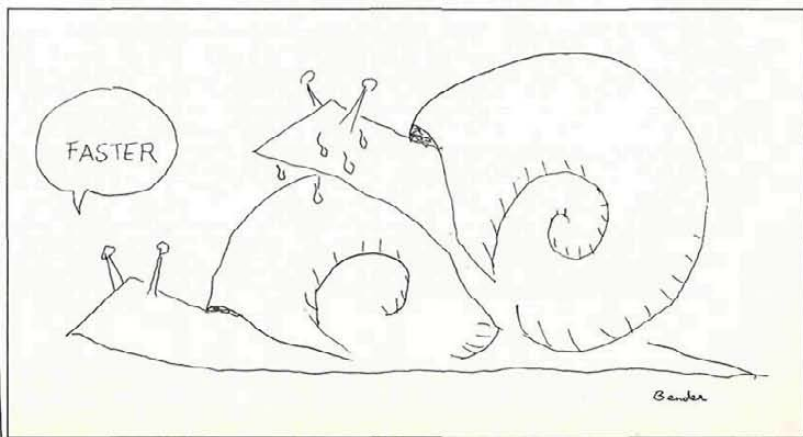
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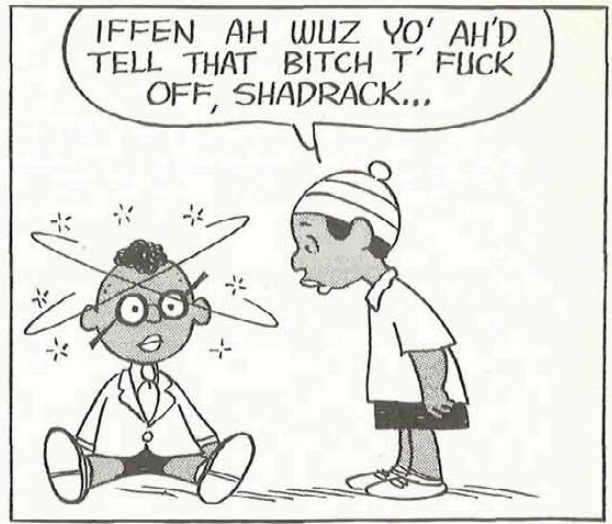
there is also a midrange control. High and low filters. A tone defeat for bass and treble. A loudness switch and 20 dB audio muting switch. For added creative freedom, two tape monitors and a mic mixing circuit with separate level control. Two tuning meters,

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H-10

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W-10

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The Tareyton Low tars

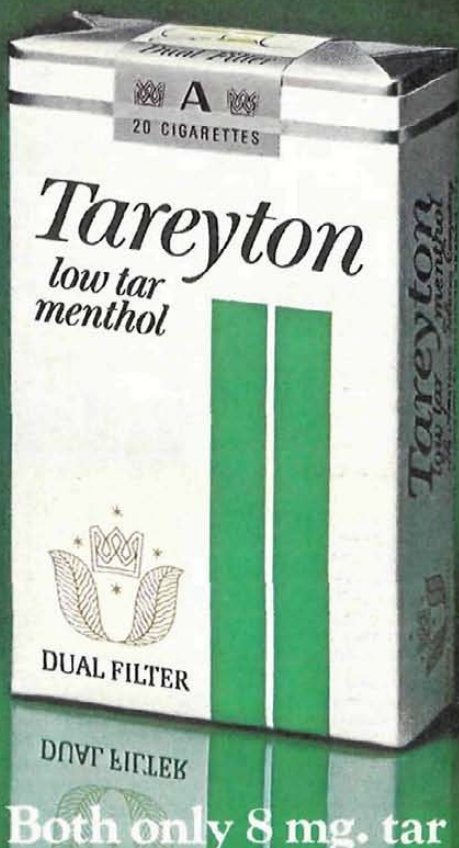
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IND 34490 **The National** * * *

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Volume I, No. XCI

October, 1977

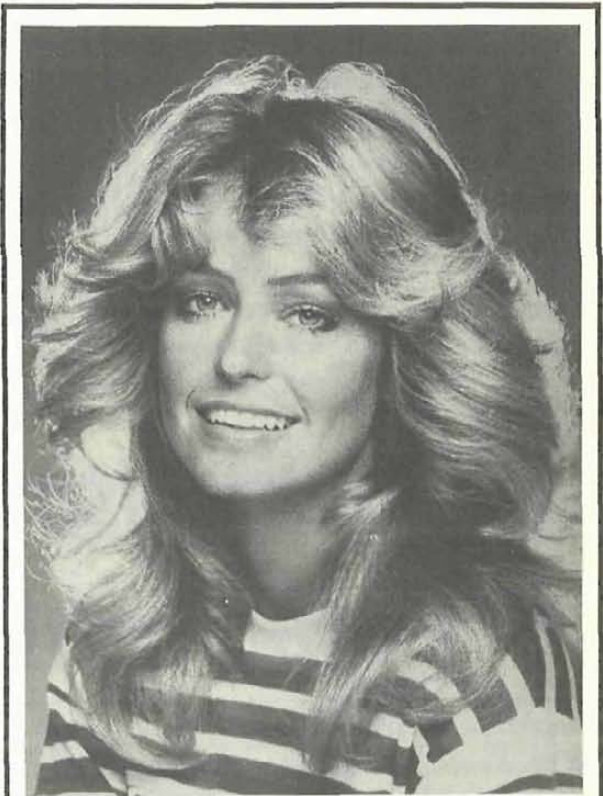
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Son of Sam Latest:

- Son of Sam High on Lactrile? p. 3
- Jackie O Says, "Sam No Son of Mine" p. 5
- Jeanne Dixon Predicts: "Sam Will Strike Again" p. 10
- The Truth About Sam and Vitamin E p. 14
- Amy C Builds Tree House While Sam Runs Amok p. 22



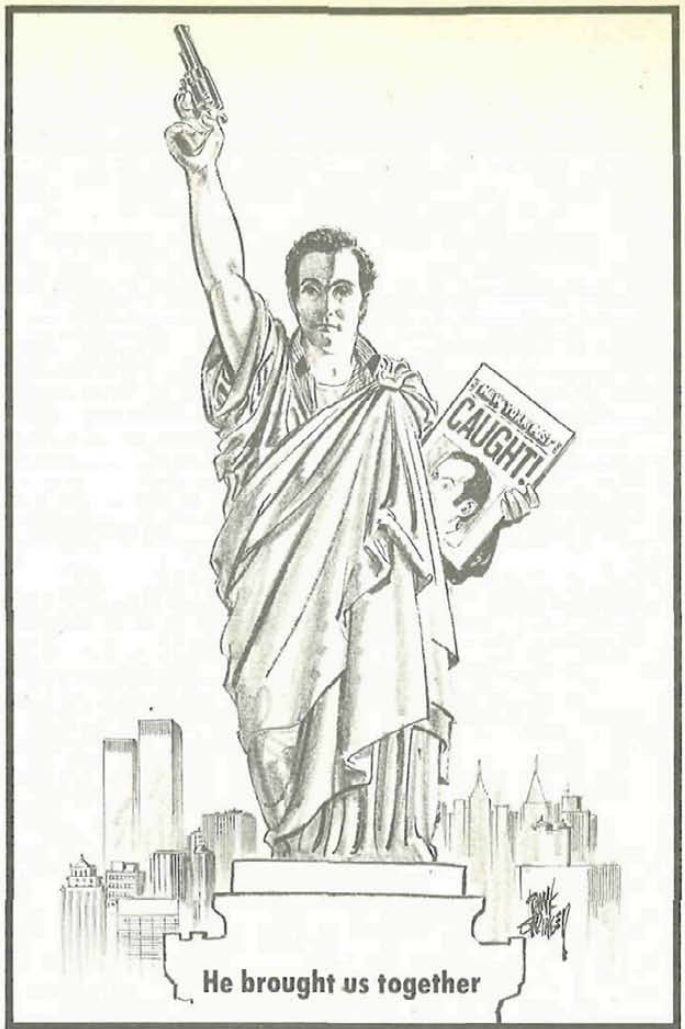
INSIDE:
Farrah Says
Sam Bad

A MESSAGE FROM THE PUBLISHER

For one year now, this has been a great city—a united city. A city with but one goal, one purpose, one mind and heart, and one evening newspaper. What brought us together, rich or poor, black or white, sensitive or Australian? And more to the point, what sold copies of a failing knee-jerk liberal tabloid turned sensationalist rag? One man. Son of Sam.

Now he is caught, *they* say. Caught and fat and crazy. Now *they* tell us we should go back to our alienation, our PTA, our suburbs, our welfare lines, our *New York Times*. But *we*, the American people, say to them, *not bloody likely!*

And we are resolved to go on thinking about Sam, and talking and worrying and hypothesizing and fretting and gossiping and interviewing and speculating and reporting and sketching and printing and selling *Son of Sam* until something better comes along. A homosexual show business child rapist on welfare, say.



CIA admits using Son of Sam as "experiment in urban stress"

The Senate subcommittee investigating the CIA has revealed that the agency's X-1 Operations Division, a unit specializing in terrorist activities, was responsible for the behavior of Son of Sam.

Admiral Stansfield Turner, director of the CIA, admitted that Son of Sam was an agent directly under the control of the X-1 team, and was being used in an experiment to "discover how a large urban area reacts to terror and undergoes extreme stress."

The object of the project was to escalate the activities of Son of Sam over an eighteen to twenty-four month period, in order to find out how and when a large metropolitan city reaches the breaking point. The information would then be used in

covert terrorist operations in the urban areas of Communist-dominated countries.

New York was selected as the ideal pilot city because of its complete economic, moral, and physical decline. Son of Sam was "programmed to do about twenty-nine more killings," said Admiral Turner. "The project was approved by the White House. They knew how important it could be. The target number of thirty-five

people was considered humane and reasonable, considering how low New York has sunk in its quality of living."

In a scenario reminiscent of *The Manchurian Candidate*, Turner told of how Sam was recruited, trained, and brainwashed into doing his killings. The entire project was "orchestrated" by the X-1 Operations team from a Pakistani clothing boutique on West Twenty-third Street, which was a front.

The project was terminated because of a breakdown in communications between the CIA and the New York Police Department. Turner blames a group of "publicity-happy detectives hungry for promotions" for the misunderstandings, and asserts that the project has not been shelved. "We will resume our experiments in a new urban setting. Or perhaps we'll stay in New York," he said.

City to keep top drawer Son of Sam bureau

New York—A determined Mayor Beame today announced that he has ordered his staff to draw up a permanent charter for the city's Son of Sam department, designed to guarantee job security for the now-temporary department's more than 35,000 workers.

"To show our gratitude to these determined professionals by disbanding their department would be a grossly unfair travesty of injustice," the mayor angrily told newsmen. "We don't penalize

the employees of the Parks Department for completing a clean-up after a holiday weekend, and I think it would be disgraceful to punish these workers for apprehending Son of Sam."

The mayor's remarks drew cautious praise from Murray Blatfarb, press spokesman for the department.

"If some candidates for mayor or whatever think they can turn this into a political football and kick us around, they're dead wrong. Why should we become fat to be trimmed off the budget because we

caught the killer?"

Blatfarb also rebutted mounting criticism of the department's request for \$135 million to complete remodeling for the Son of Sam building in downtown Manhattan, previously known as the Woolworth Building. The spokesman implied that retrieval of documents essential to the prosecution's case against the

suspect might be "unfeasible" under the present makeshift conditions.

Blatfarb asserted that the entire appropriation for the department would undoubtedly be a fraction of the possible cost to the city of dismantling and replacing the department's pension programs, low cost charter scheme, and total coverage health plan.

Gumshoe Gaugin: charcoal his weapon, faces his beat

The recent capture of the killer known as "Son of Sam" was the result of skillful teamwork involving every branch of the New York City Police Department. At the center of the whirlwind of investigation, however, was one man who "hasn't walked a beat or held a gun in over twenty years on the force."

He is Peter della Francis, police artist. Della Francis has been penning composite

sketches for the department since he graduated Pratt Institute with a Fine Arts degree

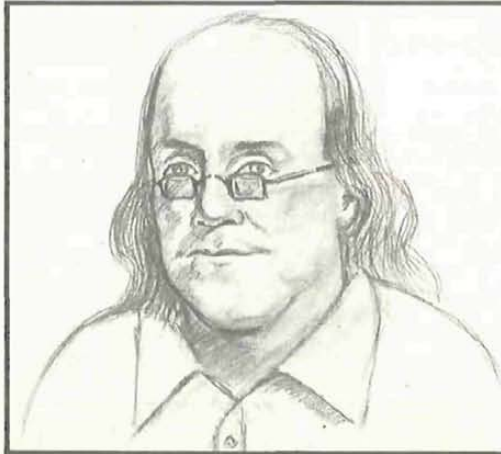
in 1952. It was his series of sketches that led to the eventual identification and capture of the .44-caliber killer.

"I start with a basic rundown of the suspect's features," he told *The National*. "I ask about the basics, like does this individual have a nose, or like that."

In the case of Son of Sam, della Francis sketched a wide variety of likenesses before arriving at the one ultimately used. "I like to try a lot of different approaches. It helps people see that a single face looks like a lot of different people, which is kind of crazy since a person is a person, but what can you do, that's

life."

The National has obtained several of the sketches used to develop the final operative likeness. The artist's skill is apparent in each one, and the evolution of the portrait reveals the startling range of variation that can result from multiple descriptions of a single face.



TRYPHTICH OF TERROR: Three versions of "Son of Sam" as sketched by police artist Peter della Francis. Sketch on right was final version, resulted in killer's capture. Sketch on left was drawn after earliest accounts of his crimes, sometime last year. Middle sketch was drawn after additional witnesses gave more detailed descriptions.

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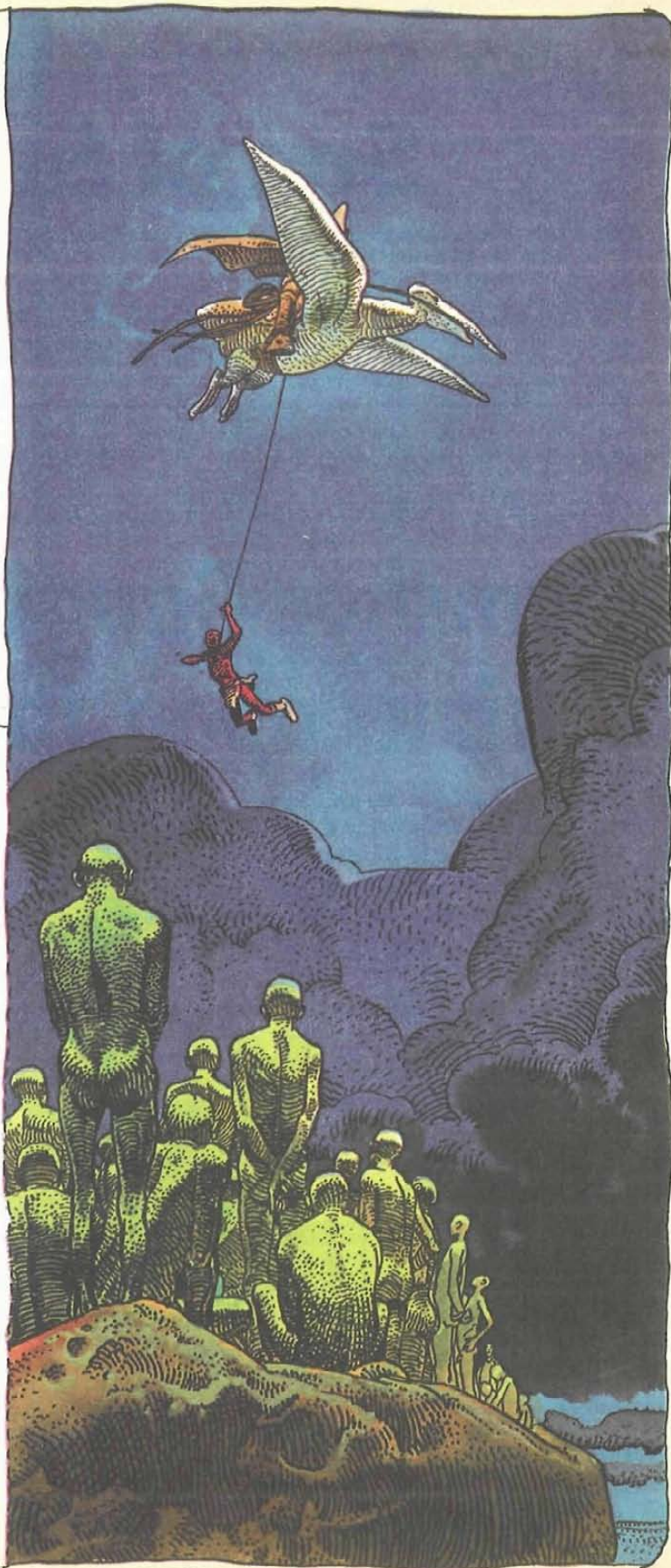
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That ushered in the high-efficiency era, with many long-time leaders quickly attempting to follow our lead.

In 1976, B-I-C perfected a series of monitor and control functions that equipped speakers to make the entire system perform better, and introduced the System Monitor Speaker.

That gave the loudspeaker a new role in the stereo system, and the user the ability to purify his system's output.

Today, the changes we have to announce are significant in a different sense.

The new Formula 6 and Formula 3 models (on optional bases below) represent no major innovations. But they complete a line of speakers that has already established fundamental new principles of speaker design and performance. Principles that will endure for years to come.

The Formula 6 Spec II brings the number of Monitor Series Speakers to three, and fills a size

and system design position between the 5 and 7. And the new Formula 3 fills a similar slot between the 2 and 4.

Thus, whatever stage of upgrading a music system is in, there's a B-I-C VENTURI Formula to fill that need.

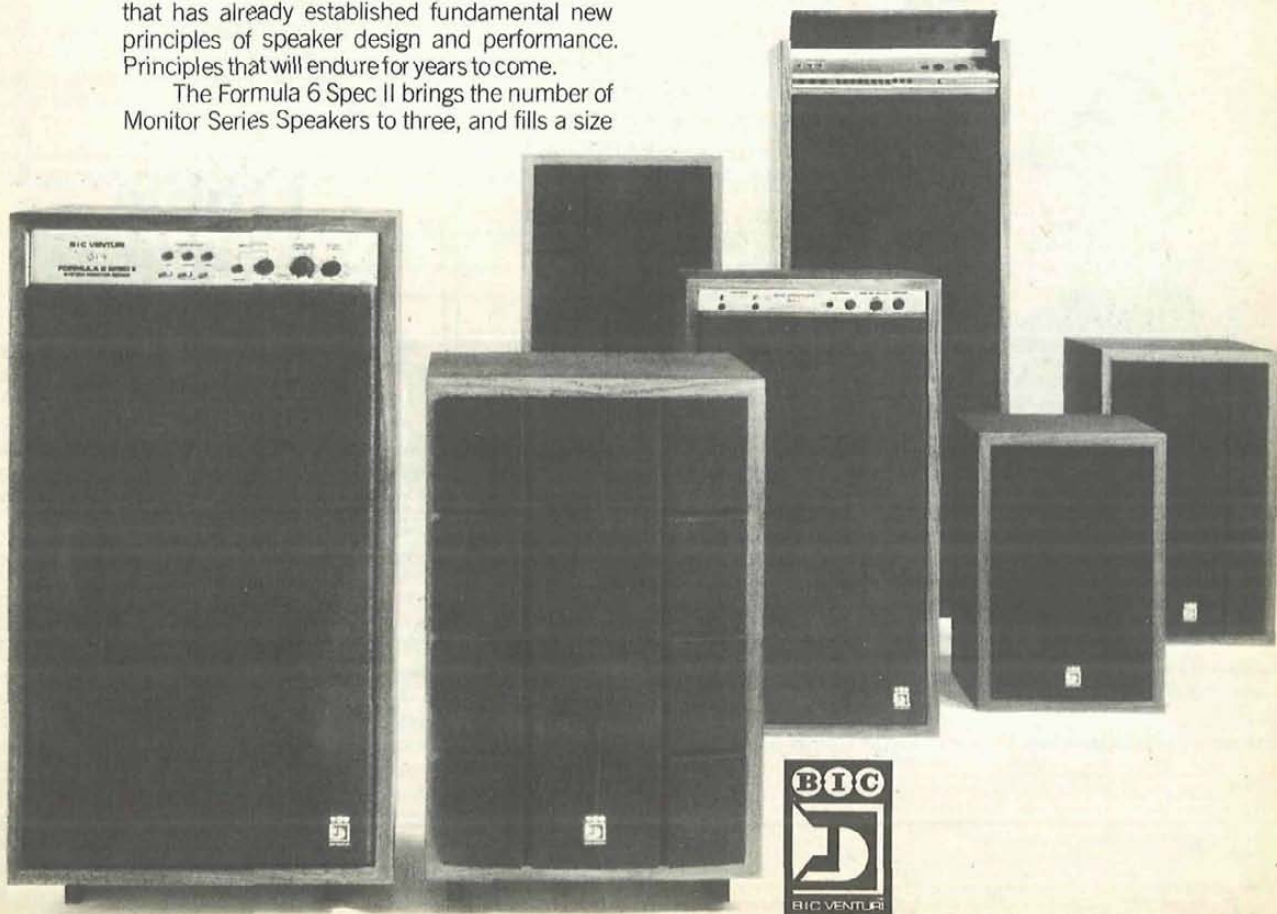
And there's a further significance, we think.

The astute audiophile is fully aware that, in the speaker business, technological exercises abound. And that many yield marginal improvements at very high cost.

At B-I-C, our approach is quite the opposite.

Rather than esoteric speaker designs for a few, our commitment is to fundamental speaker advancement for many. And that is why B-I-C VENTURI speakers remain way ahead without being way out.

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In the nick of time the new Warehouse Sound catalog arrived in the mail: 64 pages of information on over 100 brands of stereo components with recommendations for ear pleasing complete systems at all price levels. They found a music system that could satisfy Bob's bass desires and Jenny's high frequencies for a lot less money than they expected to pay. So far, they've lived happily ever after.

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DC

Son of Sam— a mental case?

By Doctor Zinn

When I was a young psychiatric intern, I would accompany a senior resident on morning rounds every day. Before we entered the ward that housed those diagnosed as criminally insane, the good doctor would invariably turn to we interns and make the same little speech. "This morning, you have seen a range of disturbed patients, people trapped in the frightening web of psychosis and delusion. Some of them may be beyond our reach: others may be helped by therapy or drugs. But the inmates of this ward are not traumatized or troubled people. They are crazy animals. Wired. Gone. Well out of it mentally. Am I understood, gentlemen?" We would nod, and the rounds would resume.

As I read the newspapers and view the TV accounts detailing the exploits of the killer known as Son of Sam, I am constantly reminded of that forthright man. "This is a man who was crying out for help," the editorialists write, "possibly a split personality, another Jekyll and Hyde or Sacco and Vanzetti." Others suggest that "he is a man with a damaged psyche who can only express his sexual urges in the symbolic ejaculation of a gun discharging bullets."

My professional opinion in this matter is that it's high time we quit all this fancy theorizing and told it like it is: the man is not a man at all, but a deranged beast—a dangerous homicidal maniac nutbar crazy. Thank you.

Profile of a Killer

By Dr. Joyce Bothers

We professional psychiatrists are often asked—why? Why does the shy, retiring, seemingly normal boy one night ax-murder the neighbors? Why do people shoot craps, dope, the president, themselves? What motivates a man like Son of Sam? And the answer, although very complex, is simple. We professional psychiatrists like to sum it up in a simple word. *Tryst*.

Son of Sam, who also goes by the name of the .44-caliber killer (having two names is not uncommon among the group we professional psychiatrists call *split personalities*), invariably attacked not women alone, not men alone, but couples who were *trusting*.

The sight of these trusting couples filled Son of Sam with an emotion we professional psychiatrists term *anger*. Why? Because he, for psychological reasons, is unable, personally, to trust. He may have attempted to trust, and failed. He may even be afraid to try. Perhaps he once saw his own parents trusting, and was filled with fear, guilt, or what we p.p.s refer to as *confusion*.

Himself the victim of a cruel tryst of fate, this no-doubt limp-trusted individual now, in his warped and trusted mind, believes himself to be untrustworthy, yet, if released, will feel compelled to trust again, like he did last summer.



R.I.P. Elvis Aaron Presley



You're right, we're left, he's gone.

New Sam Letter to Breslin

DEAR JIMMY,

LIKE A GIANT VAMPIRE FANG WITH A STRAW IN IT FOR SUCKING YOUNG GIRLS' BLOOD, I HAVE READ YOUR LETTER TO ME. SAM IS A THIRSTY LAD, JIMMY: HE NEEDS MORE MONEY. SPECIFICALLY, I REFER TO PARAGRAPH II, SECTION A, WHEREIN YOU STATE: "BRESLIN (HERE-AFTER REFERRED TO AS 'THE AGENT') IS TO RECEIVE NINETY PERCENT OF ANY AND ALL PRINT AND BROADCAST ARTICLES, NOVELLAS, PLAYS, MOVIES, ETC." WHAT KIND OF BULLSHIT IS THAT, JIMMY? I BUST MY ASS, AND YOU GET ALL THE DOUGH. UH-UH, NO GOOD, JAMES. SHAPE UP OR I TAKE MY BUSTNESS TO EVANS AND NOVACK. WHY DON'T WE GET TOGETHER OVER DRINKS NEXT WEEK TO DISCUSS SPIN-OFF PRODUCTS AND ENDORSEMENTS? HOW ABOUT WEDNESDAY, TWOISH?

ALL THE BEST
"SON OF SAM"
"MARSHAL OF MAYHEM"
"THE .44 CALIBER BOTHERER
OF GIRLS IN PARKED CARS"

The above letter was mailed by Son of Sam to our ace reporter Jimmy Breslin, whose comment was: "Son of Sam is obviously a deranged maniac. If I give him any more of the gross, I lose money."

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The Perspiring Photographer

Today's question:

What would you do if you could get your hands on the Son of Sam?



Isaac Abramowitz, retired accountant, Bay-side, Queens: "He should be put to death. That's all. Dead. Finished. Good-bye. He's garbage. Boom. Good night. Kill him. Over and out. Forget about it."



Artie Lang, news dealer, Madison Avenue: "Well, I've always subscribed to the 'punishment should fit the crime' theory of justice, so I would lock him in a car with a beautiful nympho and wait until he got really worked up and then blow his f—g cock off!"



D. J. Murphy, fisherman, Rye, N.Y.: "First I'd open his mouth real wide and place a triple barbed

marlin hook down his throat. Next I'd sew his mouth shut, using .003 heavy-duty catgut. Then I'd attach the hook to thirty feet of 100-pound test and troll him nice and slow through shark-infested waters. Then I'd watch as the blood trickled slowly out of his mouth and stained the surface of the sea. Soon the sharks would come, and their frenzy would reach its bloody peak as his wormy, putrid guts spit forth from their razor teeth. Again and again they'd lunge, and with each pass more of him would fall away, until all that remained would be his bloody carcass. And as the gulls feasted on his rancid remains, I'd sit back in my boat and say, "Scumbag."



Al Patio, self-employed, N.Y.: "First of all, let's take a look at the facts. This guy is mad at something, right? In all probability, he's mad at some chick. So what? I tell you, I get so mad at some of these women sometimes. . . . The other day, I'm on my way to pick up this girl, you know, so I get to the place where I'm supposed to meet her, only guess what? She's late for a change. I coulda killed her right then and there."

Jock Schaap to pen high caliber bio

"Inept, inapt, exploitative, vulgar, absurd." How does a coauthor on the make defend himself against such charges?

In an exclusive interview with *The National*, erstwhile sportswriter and commentator Dick Schaap explained his suitability as collaborator (with Jimmy Breslin) on the official, big-bucks-up-front Son of Sam story.

"Jimmy and I want to call the book *The Summer City Game*," Schaap explained. "With the Mets in last

place and the Nets, Jets, and Giants gone to Jersey, this Son of Sam guy has captured the imagination of Big Apple fans like nothing since Maris.

"Sam is some kind of an athlete," the author continued. "He can get you inside, he can get you outside. He can hurt you so many ways. He's got a good eye, good hands, and that quick release. He hits for average, and gives you that great second effort when he runs for daylight. He can work the head, he can go to the body. I

honestly think they ought to retire number 44, when his career is over. He's the kind of player Leo the Lip liked. He comes to kill ya!"

Schaap would not comment on his rumored plans to run for mayor on a ticket with Breslin, should their book hit the charts. "It's a funny thing," he mused. "When I was an editor over at *Sport* magazine, we had a saying—'Sport is a metaphor for life.' Then *Life* folded. Maybe death is a metaphor for sport."

The Simula Magnum Condom

"It's like thousands of tiny triggers urging your finger to let go."

Now you can reach a level of psychosexual pleasure that was unheard of a few months ago," says Son of Sam, the 44-caliber killer. "It's a delicately ribbed condom designed to give your trigger finger insistent, obsessive urges."

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Everything you'll ever need. The Scott R 376 Receiver.



The Scott R 376 AM/FM Stereo Receiver is our top of the line. It delivers all the power and performance you'll ever need to enjoy records, tapes and broadcasts. Now and tomorrow.

The Scott R 376 provides a full 75 watts minimum continuous RMS power output per channel. Power enough to drive even low efficiency speakers to room-filling volume. Both channels are driven into 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with an incredibly low 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

The Scott R 376 has every performance feature you'll ever need, too. Separate channel bass, treble and midrange controls allow you to adjust response to best match your speaker locations, room acoustics and listening taste. Dual tape monitors allow you to operate two tape machines simultaneously. You can record live performances or even copy tape-to-tape while another source is playing.

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For specifications on our complete line of audio components, contact your nearest Scott dealer, or write H.H. Scott, Inc. Corporate Headquarters, 20 Commerce Way, Woburn, MA 01801. In Canada: Paco Electronics, Ltd., Quebec.

SCOTT Warranty Identification Card

Warranty Number: 101102
Model: R 376 RECEIVER
Serial Number: 304 7832/662 1745
Expiration Date: September 15, 1980

Scott's unique, gold warranty card. Individualized with your warranty, model and serial numbers, and expiration date. Scott's fully transferable, three-year parts and labor-limited warranty is your assurance of lasting enjoyment.

IM distortion (lower than 0.1%).
Provides cleaner sound and eliminates listening fatigue.

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Minimizes turntable rumble, tape hiss, record and broadcast noise.

Center channel and signal strength tuning meters.
Provides precise tuning and indicates optimum signal strength.

Phase locked loop multiplex section.
Maintains superior stereo separation.

Three position FM de-emphasis switch.
Permits proper reception of domestic, Dolbyized* or European broadcasts.

FM Muting.
Silences interstation hiss and prevents the receiver from picking up weak stations.

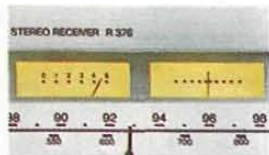
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Boosts treble and bass at low volume levels.

Log-linear volume control with detents.
Spreads out the volume levels over a greater portion of the knob rotation to provide finer control at low to moderate listening levels.

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories



Separate bass, treble and midrange controls.



Signal strength and center channel tuning meters.

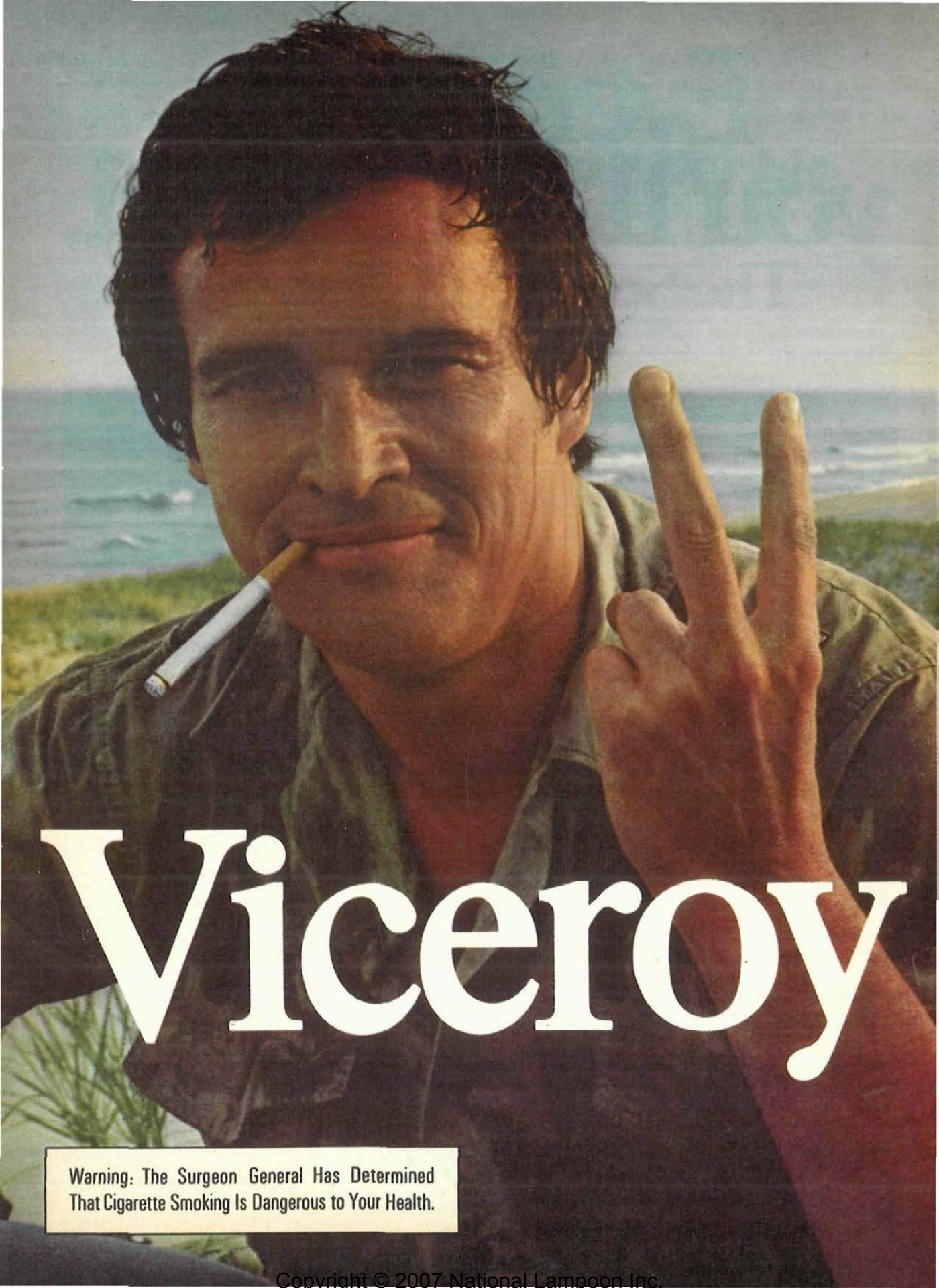


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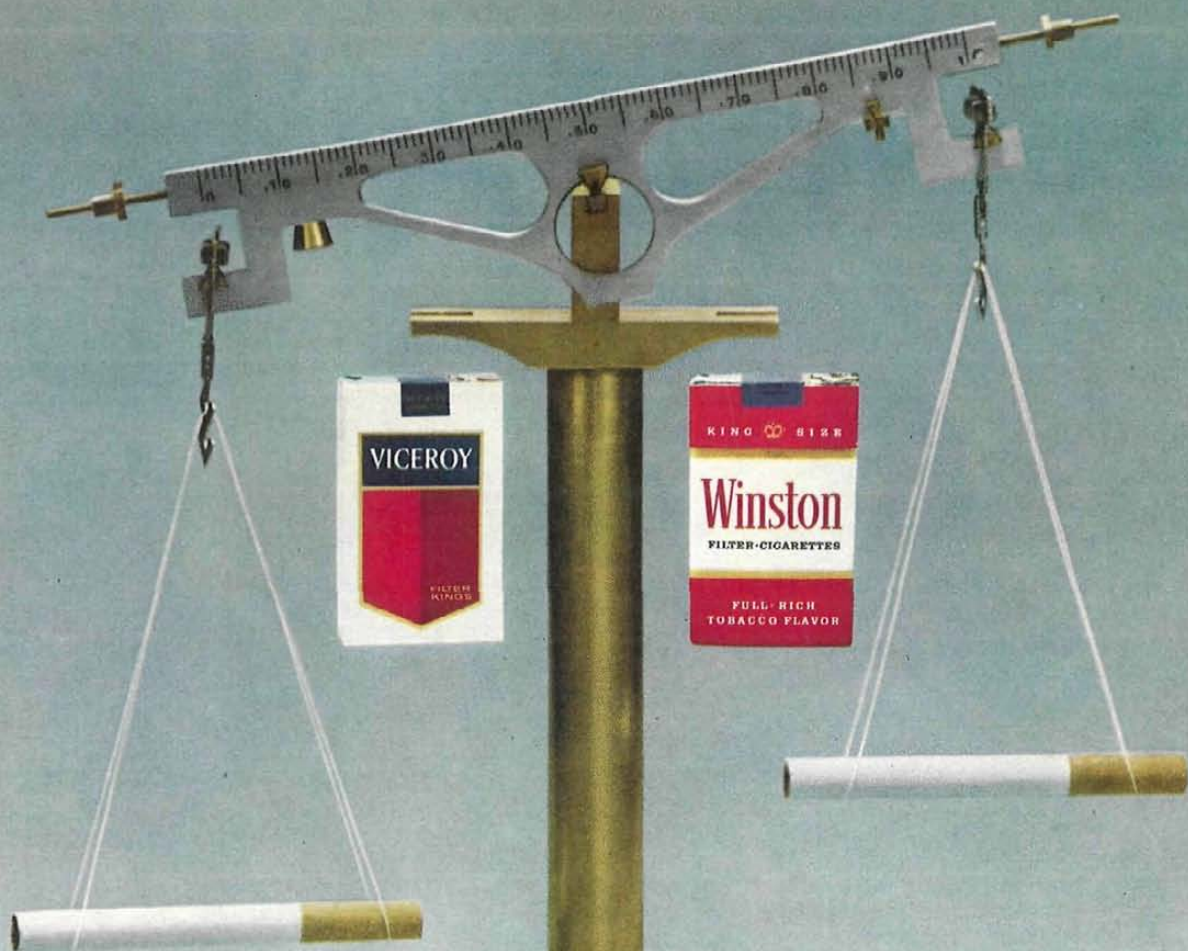
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Viceroy

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



More Tobacco
Less 'Tar'

...than
Winston or Marlboro.

Rich, full flavor is the promise that Viceroy makes.

And it's a promise that Viceroy keeps.

The method for delivering flavor is as simple as it is smart.

Instead of using stronger tobacco, Viceroy uses *more*¹ tobacco, and a *lower*² 'tar' blend than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette with an extra satisfying taste.

And, yes, lower 'tar' than Marlboro or Winston.

1. DURING 1976, VICEROY KINGS HAD, BY WEIGHT, 22-35 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40-52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE).
2. VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE, AGED-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW 'TAR' TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR' (VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR', WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR', MARLBORO 18 MGS. 'TAR', AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT, DECEMBER, 1976.)



Beat the Meatles

with Chris Miller



Chris: ...sure was nice of you guys to come over here and talk with me like this. Uh, there, the tape recorder's running now. Why don't you just make yourselves at home, sit down anywhere. Anybody like some wine or something to smoke?

Ringo: Shur, that'd be nice. *(General assent. Pouring sounds)*

Paul: Nice apartment.

Chris: Thanks.

George: I like yur paintin' 'ere. Li'ul dead sheep an' all, with blud roonin' frum thur mouths. You don't see many of these.

Chris: Oh, that was used in a *National Lampoon* calendar. Mike Gross painted it. I traded some—

Yoko: The blood stains red. The red is silence. Listen! Can you hear it fall, softly, softly?

John: Why don't we joost sit down 'ere, luv.

Chris: Well, gosh, you all look great. Really.

Paul: Thanks very mooch. I think Ringo's poot on a few, tho'.

Ringo: 'Ere! Noon uv tha', now.

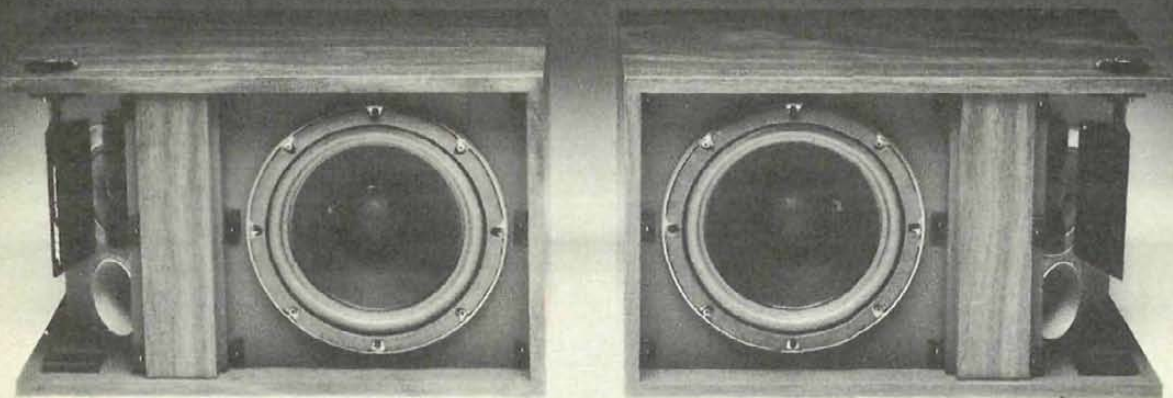
John: *(Laughter)*
(Sucking noise) Vurry tasty smoke.

Chris: Thanks.

George: *(Sucking noise)* Is it gold, then?

continued on page 88

Odd Couple.

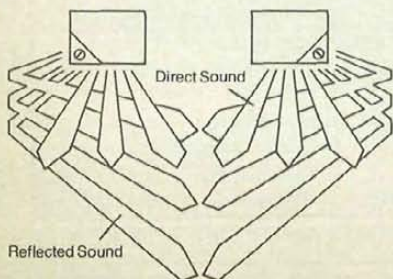


This is a pair of Bose Model 301 Direct/Reflecting® bookshelf speakers with their grilles removed.

What's odd about them might not be immediately obvious, but it's very significant. Unlike most pairs of speakers, they're not identical. Instead, the left-hand speaker is a mirror image of the right-hand speaker.

Bose goes to the extra trouble and expense of making the two speakers of the pair you buy different to provide the proper proportion of reflected and direct sound at high frequencies, a feature unique among bookshelf speakers.

To accomplish this, each speaker is of an "asymmetrical"



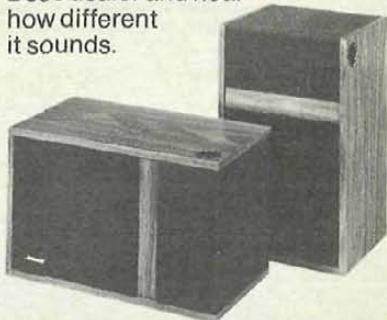
design. As a result, a pair of Model 301s has woofers pointing straight ahead and tweeters angled outward. A large proportion of the high frequency energy is reflected off the side walls and then into the center of the listening room, rather than being aimed directly at the listener. As in a live performance, the listener is surrounded with a balance of reflected and direct sound. This is the same principle used in the Bose 501 and in the new Bose 901® Series III Direct/Reflecting speaker system. The result is extraordinarily open, natural, and spacious sound.

In addition, the Model 301 Dual Frequency Crossover™ network causes the woofer and tweeter to operate simultaneously for more than an octave, providing exceptionally smooth midrange response and an open spatial quality.

With the unique Direct Energy Control, the Model 301 provides excellent performance in a wide variety of rooms, including small apartments and dormitory rooms. And it is truly small enough to fit in a bookshelf.

These features make the Model 301 an unusual speaker with unusually fine performance. Its suggested retail price—a little over \$100 per speaker—makes it an extraordinary value.

You already know the Model 301 looks different from other bookshelf speakers. Now visit a Bose dealer and hear how different it sounds.



BOSE®

Better sound through research.

For a free, full-color brochure on the Model 301, write Bose, Dept. NL10, The Mountain Framingham, Mass. 01701.

Patents issued and pending. Cabinets are walnut-grain vinyl.

Mersey Moptop Faverave 35¢

FABGEARBEAT

October 1964

The Dave Clark Five Crush the Beatles!

**John wants
to be a
fisherman!**



**ALL NEW
PIX 'N' FAX**

**GEORGE
COMMITS
SUICIDE!**

Fab Four to bust!?

Paul's plans for a solo!

DC5: Hey, Beatles!

Liverpool is cool...but Tottenham has gotten 'em! The Dave Clark Five's Tottenham sound has knocked the Beatles right off the top of the B.B.C. (Big Beat Charts), and Dennis, Lenny, Mike, Dave, and the other one are "Glad All Over." M.O.E. (Merrie Olde England) is in "Bits and Pieces" over Dave Clark Five-mania! The British are coming!

Are the Five's Madcap Mods getting ready to take over from the Lovely Lads from Liverpool? Will Five jive conquer Beatlebeat? Can the Moptops hold off the Tott lot? It's the battle of the century, with teen-agers everywhere the prize!

But who knows? Maybe there's room at the top, and the Fantastic Five and the Fab Four will join forces to become the Nifty Nine! Anything can happen—and when it does, *MMFF* will be there, to tell its readers who to love! And why! And how! Wow!



DC5 rave up at platter session for their next super smash, "Please Please Love Me Do." Do these pretty birds remember who the Beatles are? Dennis says, "When I get married, I'd like to settle down with a Japanese conceptual artist."

BEATLES: There's a Place



Are the Liverpool lads getting too stiff and formal?

MMFF asked Dave about his dream girl. "Oh, an American bird who can snap me picture and whose dad is a lawyer."

Catch Us If You Can!



Do the Beatles want to get rid of Ringo and hire Dave? Lenny wants to start a record company and name it after a fruit or vegetable.



Where You Can Go...

Moptops wave good-bye to their fans. Is it forever? Mike and Rick say, "When we're bigger than the Beatles, we want to do gear things like putting a lot of people on a bus and making a movie about it."



MMFF's

A DAY

It started out as an ordinary day for Deborah Rosenthal of Pikesville, Maryland. But it soon became the *greatest day of her life!* Debby learned that she was the *winner of Mersey Moptop Faverave Fabgearbeat's Meet the Beatles Contest*, and won First Prize of spending an *entire day* with John, Paul, George, and Ringo!

"It was so exciting!" Debby exclaimed after her glorious day of music and merriment with the Fab Four. "The boys are really very nice, you know. Especially George, he's very sweet."

Debby's Day began, of course, when she was picked up in a limousine and whisked her off to a Beatles Press Conference—where anything can happen, and usually does!

"At this one, John decided to only speak to reporters in German, and Ringo and Paul threw iced tea at each other. It was fun!"

From there, off to the studio to record another fabulous *Beatles album*. Debby had the unique opportunity to hold Ringo's tambourine while the group ate a typical Beatles lunch of fried chicken and jelly "babies" (jelly beans, in America). Soon Debby herself was eating them!

"The Beatles are a part of history," Debby told *MMFF* afterwards. "And just being with them is like being with somebody from the French Revolution!"

It was a day of thrills as well as fun. At one point, a crowd of screaming fans, mostly girls, saw Debby getting out of another limousine with George and Paul, and ran forward to attack her with autograph books, jelly babies, damp Kleenex, and tire irons. "It was sort of dangerous," Debby later admitted. "But fun!"

But the greatest fun was to come.

That night, the Beatles gave an outdoor performance—sold out three days ahead of time, of course—and Debby was invited to sit *on the stage*.

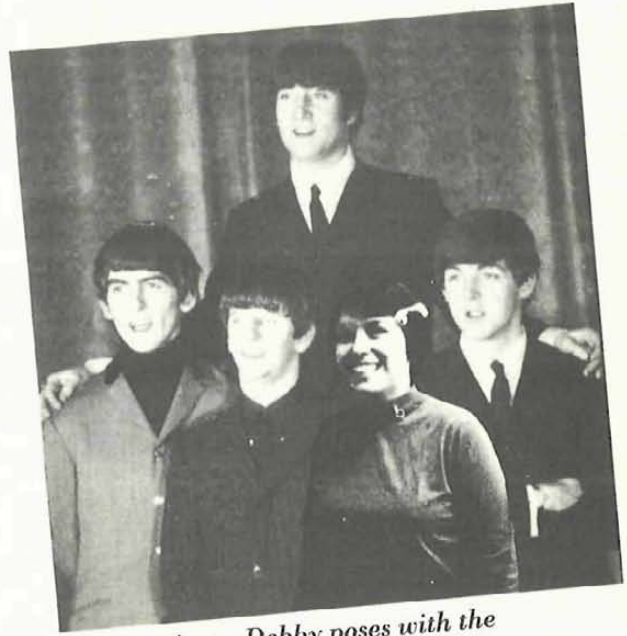
"I loved it, yeah yeah yeah!" Debby said the next day. "There I was, sitting just a few feet away from the four most important people in the world. I could watch them do everything. I nearly fainted! And the music from the amplifiers was so loud! And a million Beatle fans were throwing all sorts of things at us on the stage! It was fun!"

Afterwards, Debby was able to spend a few quiet moments with the lads back in their hotel suites. Everyone discussed the wonderful adventures of the day, and Debby thanked each of the Beatles for allowing her to share the fun and excitement which is, after all, the way *every* day is for John, Paul, George, and Ringo.

"It was a day I'll never forget," Debby swore. And, after the noise and thrills had died down, and she returned to life as a high-school student at Pikesville Senior High in Pikesville, Maryland, did she have any thoughts about who was her favorite Beatle?

"I love them all," she said. And who could blame her? We all do!

But for Debby, it was a day like none of us ever have. It was a day spent with...*the Beatles!!!!!!*



Contest winner Debby poses with the Fab Four at the start of her day. What a lucky girl—and what a pic for her memories!



Tuning up before a recording session—and Debby lends a hand! "The guys are all excellent musicians," she noted. We couldn't get out...

Contest Winner:

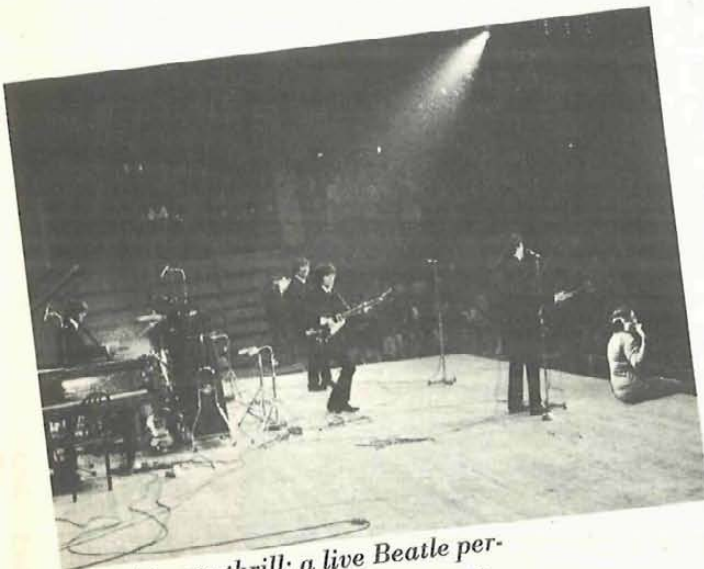
WITH THE BEATLES!



Debby catches Paul's eye as the Gear Guys attend a reception in their honor. Is John just a little jealous? "I love them all," Debby says.



A Beatle day never stops! From one event to the next, it's go, go, go! Debby jokes, "They wouldn't have enough time to do everything if they worked eight days a week!"



The ultimate thrill: a live Beatle performance! "They played four songs, and then it was time to go. We were all lifted into a helicopter and flown off. I'll never forget it!" Debby later remembered.



A final farewell. Debby gets to thank each of the boys individually for letting her share a day with them. She will cherish fond recollections of excitement and fun all her life. "John called me 'luv,'" she later recalled. "And for just a second... I think he meant it!" To which all we can say is, "Yeah yeah yeah!"

SUPER FAN SALLY SMITH TELLS FAVERAVE THE INTIMATE DETAILS OF

"The Night My

"Dreamer!" my friend Jenny teased me as we waited after the concert where I hoped the Beatles would come out. You see, I was just in love with one of the boys, and was determined to meet him, but naturally everyone thought I was just another silly schoolgirl stuck on her special Beatle.

I was about to reply to Jenny for the hundredth time when my heart nearly stopped—just as I'd dreamed it a hundred times, a big black limousine pulled up right next to us. Before I had time to think, the theater door opened and Ringo skipped across the sidewalk. John and George followed, laughing about something, and then Paul walked casually out behind them. I ran up to him and put my hand on his arm. I couldn't believe it was really them.

I must have started to cry or something silly, because he smiled really nicely and said, "Come on, crumpet," in such a sweet voice, just like we were old friends. We got into the limousine and all the way I just kept thanking the Lord for answering my prayers. "I just knew you would use the back door," I blurted out. "It's Paulie's portal of preference," John said, and the others all laughed.

Soon we were at the hotel where there was already a party going on in the lounge of the Beatles' suite. Just as I was feeling disappointed that I wouldn't be alone with the boys, I heard a voice behind me. "Come on, lux," it said. "lets go have a party of our own, just you and me." I could have hugged him—I always told Jenny they were kind and sensitive, and now I knew.

When we were alone and he took me in his arms, I thought I was the happiest person in the world. Before I knew it, I was undressed and helping him off with his suit and Beatle boots. "Put them on," he said. Even though I felt silly putting on his big boots, I didn't giggle because he seemed quite serious.

Before I could think too much about feeling shy, he picked me up in his strong arms and threw me face down on the bed. The next moment I felt the prodding of his hard cock as he struggled to mount me from behind. He must have made a "wrong turning," because he could barely fit inside. It hurt, but I wanted to be a good girl for him, and gradually it became easier. In a minute his shaft was sliding up me with a beautiful hardness that made me groan with pleasure.

All of a sudden, I heard a strange voice ask, "Which one am I?" I could hardly think straight.

"You're the loner," I answered. "you write the..."

"Quickly, Sally, which one am I?" he demanded in an even gruffer voice. I knew it was important to get the right answer.

"The...the cute one?" I guessed.

"Louder!" he cried, and thrust harder and harder into me.



*Lucky Sally found out the
cute one's likes and dislikes
for herself.*

Dream Came True"


I was so happy it was the right answer. "The cute one! The cute one!" I cried, louder and louder, until he gave a funny little groan and I felt wonderful hot jets spurting deep inside of me.

I lay still there in the room and thought of all the poor fans who waited for hours and never even got to see the boys. How could one girl be so lucky? Then he sat up suddenly, and spun around to face me.

"What happened here, Sally?" he asked in a very angry voice, looking at one of the boots that had slipped off my foot. "You're supposed to have *both* of them on. Well, answer me, girl!!"

"I'm sorry, honey. I..."

"And don't call me honey, you know what you're supposed to call me."
(Continued on page 51)



*A fan's
precious
souvenir
of a
night to
remember.*



How to Understand Liverpoolian

"Rring, rring, cheerio, yeah yeah yeah"

No one talks Liverpooles like the Beatles. They've been doing it since they were small blokes. Now you can understand that gear language, too. The Fab Four want all their fans to understand what they are talking about. So they asked us to eavesdrop on an actual private conversation between John, George, Paul, Ringo, and their manager, Brian. Let's listen.

What they say:

Brian: Cheerio, John, me geezer has bashed his braces in me mum's bristols.

Beatles: Roger me bloke, mate. Me lorry is crackers for crumpet.

Brian: These bitters are smashing in a lift, but the loo is on the telly.

Beatles: That's fab, but are the bobby's gear in their in-nings this over?

What they mean:

Brian: Good news. You get to play a concert for all of your loyal fans in California.

Beatles: That is good news, Mr. Epstein. Imagine a free concert for all our fans. Do you think the dressing room will be big enough for them to meet us backstage after the show?

Brian: More good news. Some of your devoted fans from the American mid-west are stopping by to visit with you.

Beatles: That's great, Mr. Epstein. Do you think it would be forward of us if we asked some of them to marry us?

Parts of Ringo's Body Look-Alike Contest

Ta, mates. The results of the Parts of Ringo's Body Look-Alike Contest are finally compiled. The more than 6,000 entries were judged on the basis of authenticity and originality. (Members of the immediate Starkey family were prohibited from competition.) A stipened of three dollars was awarded each winner. Congratulations! The lot of you were good sports.

Chest hairs (with or without scar tissue): *Photo by contestant Graham Nigel of In-sult-upon-Injury, N.Y.*

Graham spends his holidays at sunny Asbury Park.



Showered bum: *Entry by Crissie Wood of Henry-upon Hudson, N.Y.*

Hand, sweater, and shirt collar by a person of a different race: *Won by Nigel Graham-Mick, who hails from Philistine, N.Y.*



Nipple if he were a woman: *Entry by Agnes Day, Corpus Christi, Texas.*

BEATLE PROFILES

(Actual Factuals of the Liverpool Lads)

Category	John	Paul	George	Ringo
Birthdate	Oct. 10, 1940	June 18, 1942	Feb. 25, 1943	July 7, 1940
Height	5'11"	5'11"	5'11"	4'6"
Color of Pubic Hair	Merde	Blackbird	Old brown shoe	None
Parents' Names	Mary, Joseph	Izzy McCartney, Sophie Katz	Sri and Mrs. Krishna	None
Favorite Pastimes	Tying peoples' shoe-laces together; hiding whoopie cushions and chattering teeth	Shaving once a week; popping other folks' gum; giggling uncontrollably	Flicking towels in the shower; flicking white powder off nostril hairs	Putting buckets of water on door ledges and laughing when they spill on Paul
Likes	The Queen; groupies	Blondes with nice tits and shaved mons; capitalism	Nancy Sinatra	Bedtime: hot toddies
Favorite Expressions	Sh-t, f-ck, p-ssing, f-cking, pr-letariat	Gear, fab, neat, yeah, yeah, yea	Drag, grotty, chickie-baby, jolly well	Wa-wa, da-da
Favorite Race	Oriental	Caucasian	Indian	Negro: three-legged
Last Book Read	<i>The Bible</i>	<i>Heidi; Gidget Goes Hawaiian</i>	<i>Mechanix Illustrated; Bahagavad Guitar</i>	<i>Faust</i> (Classic Comics)

Feel the Real taste difference.

Real

The natural cigarette.
Low tar. Nothing artificial added.

Your cigarette enhances its flavor artificially. All major brands do. New Real does not. It doesn't need to.

We've discovered the way to keep natural taste in, artificial out. All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

Of course Real's menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic.

You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste. So taste your first low tar natural cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



Should you buy a good used camera? Ask three million users.

Behind every new Minolta SR-T, there's experience and know-how that have satisfied more than three million owners.

And to satisfy that many people, a camera has to do a lot of things right.

Let's take a look at what's behind the Minolta SR-T's popularity.

It's easy to use, for one thing. With Minolta's patented through-the-lens metering system, you get perfect exposures just by lining up two needles in the big, bright viewfinder.

Interchangeable lenses, for another. All Minolta SR-T models accept all of the nearly forty Rokkor-X and Celtic lenses made by

Minolta. So you can get all kinds of photographs—from fisheye wide-angle shots to close-up pictures of faraway subjects with a super-telephoto lens—using just one camera.

And the lenses are easy to change, with the unique Minolta bayonet mount that requires only a quick turn to put a lens on or take one off.

Should you buy the good used camera? Yes. Especially now that it's easier to own one than ever before. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

MINOLTA

More than three million people own a Minolta SR-T.

FUCK!



THE BEATLES

also starring

by GERALD SUSSMAN

MELVIN VAN PEEBLES

WAYNE FONTANA MAMIE VAN DOREN DENNIS HOPPER

Produced by Bo Belinsky

Screenplay by Mandy Rice-Davies

Directed by WERNER FASSBINDER

"It's a true story," said George.

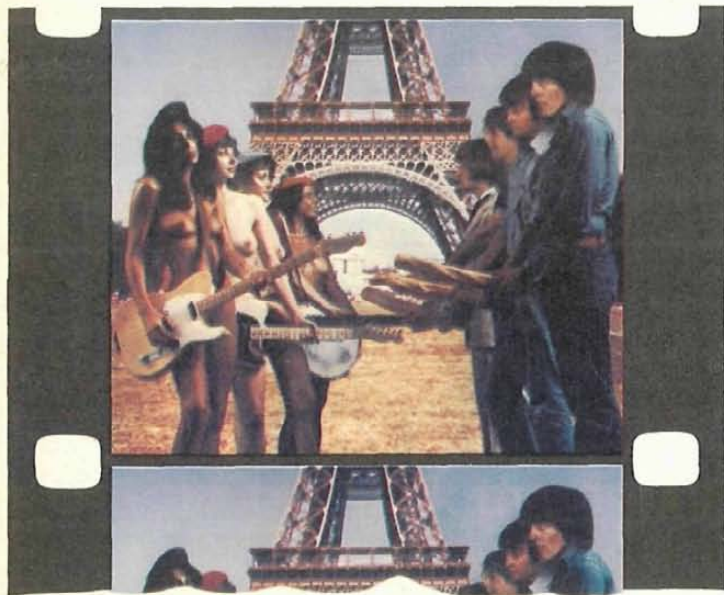
"Everything you see was actually filmed."

It starts at the deathbed of the Beatles' dearest friend and manager, Brian Epstein. Brian was the last man to possess the sacred ring of Kefir. In a secret compartment of the ring is the sacred message of Taramasalata. When the sacred message is recited in the sacred temple of Cartoun, it will open the vagina of the sacred idol, the goddess Tahini. Inside the sacred vagina are the sacred crown jewels, worth more money than God. The Beatles must get the sacred crown jewels because a notorious gang of homos are also after them, to use them for world domination. Luckily, Brian hid the sacred ring in the real vagina of a beautiful girl. Our lads must find this girl and extract the ring. And the name of the girl is... *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

Three shots ring out. Brian is dead, and the Beatles are off on the zaniest, zooniest, zinniest adventure of their lives!

Brian left some clues to the whereabouts of the girl with the ring, so the boys are off to... *SWEDEN!*

But Victor Spinetti, the mad homo scientist, and his gang of thweet thugs are also looking for the sacred ring so they can rule the world. The boys are immediately attacked by Spinetti's homo robots. They are pronged in their bums with broomsticks by homo witches in drag, and then thrown into the Incredible Sucking Machine. By reversing the gears, the lads are propelled out of the machine and land in... *GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK!*



In Paris, the ring is said to be up one of the pert little fur pies of the Beatlottes, an ooh-la-la version of the Fab Four. And our lads are ready to bag the ring with their baguettes!

Where Ringo disguises himself as a door-to-door gynecologist. Paul becomes a masseur, George is a dentist, and John is a rock 'n' roll singer. They investigate every cunt in Greenwich Village. No sign of the ring yet, but the boys are doing their work thoroughly, poking into every nooky and cranny.

As the plot thickens to the consistency of heavy aspik, we find our boys in the Dominican Republic, fucking all the contestants in the Miss Universe contest in a weary, desperate attempt to find the silly old ring. Then a telephone call, a crisis, and suddenly the lads are back in... *LONDON!*

Buckingham Palace. The queen has been captured by the Spinetti mob. Tell us who has the missing ring or we knock off the queen, says the evil Victor.

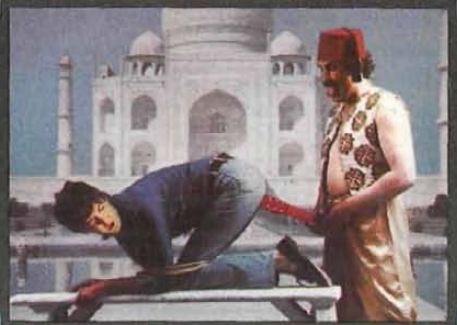
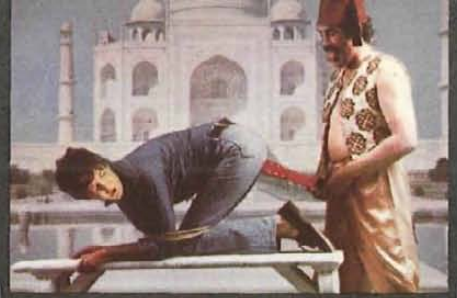
What the hey, says John. It's probably in the quim of the queen if it's anywhere.

And so the boys grit their cocks and dive in to find it. Well, there's a lot going on in Queen E's chubby little vag, to be sure. Suddenly... *GEORGE APPEARS!*

Sliding right out of the queen's vag, wearing the sacred ring on his nose! He sneezes, sending the ring flying out the window where it lands on the finger of Brigitte Bardot, who happens to be strolling in the street below. The lads rush down to Brigitte and ask for it, but she won't give it up until they all fuck her, which they do.

And the rest of the story is history.

After the incredible success of Help!, the Beatles made an even wackier sequel called Fuck!, a soft-core porn film with a jelly center. Unfortunately, it was never released, because of constant litigation by the various estates of the deceased partners. However, a copy of a proposed souvenir program of Fuck! came into our hands. We are honored to present it.



Paul is about to be buggered in front of the Taj Mahal in broad daylight by the Terrible Turk. Can this happen to one of our lads?

The lads are saved from the vicious Spinetti by a gang of Amazonian parachutists who carry them to safety. George is so grateful, he dives right into the giant mull of the leader and is never seen again.

Following another silly clue, the lads go to Tokyo, where the ring was last seen in the flue of Kabuki Kitty, notorious halvah smuggler and all around naughty girl. As usual, Ringo is bringing up the rear.



Two Fingers: Man or myth? His macho tequila may be the only clue.

The dusty, potted roads that lope across the U.S.-Mexican border have seen their share of characters.

But few have been so interesting, or perhaps so strange, as Two Fingers.

That's all. Just Two Fingers.

Oh, some say his last name was Ortega. We can't prove it, though. Everybody just called him Two Fingers because he only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

Seems all he did was drive up from Mexico in the late 30's and sell tequila. His own kind—Two Fingers Tequila.

Tequila Secret. He never cared to go into details about himself. But about his tequila, he would talk all night.

"Ten years it takes to ripen my mezcal plants. Why, with all that time I could run for el Presidente!"

Others liked to tell about his boast: "My boys and I squeeze the tequila out drop by drop. Then the real job is getting the right flavor."

How did he get that "flavor"—the thing that made his tequila so popular with depression folks hard pressed for cash?

Two Fingers never told. Neither did Honey, the woman who always made the trips north of the border with him. "None of your business," she

would say. "Just drink and enjoy."

Lost Fingers. Two Fingers kept a lot of secrets. Like how he lost those fingers.

We never could pin the story down for sure and Honey was no help. She was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Two Fingers wasn't too trusting. Especially when it came to sending his tequila with a shipper.

"Good tequila don't have to ride no steam train. It just has to be cared for by good folks."

Our sources say that he started making trips with his own truck twice a year. By the late 30's he was up to six a year.

People as far north as Tacoma, Wash., said they saw his truck.

Vanished. Then right before the end of the decade he appears to have stopped. Cold.

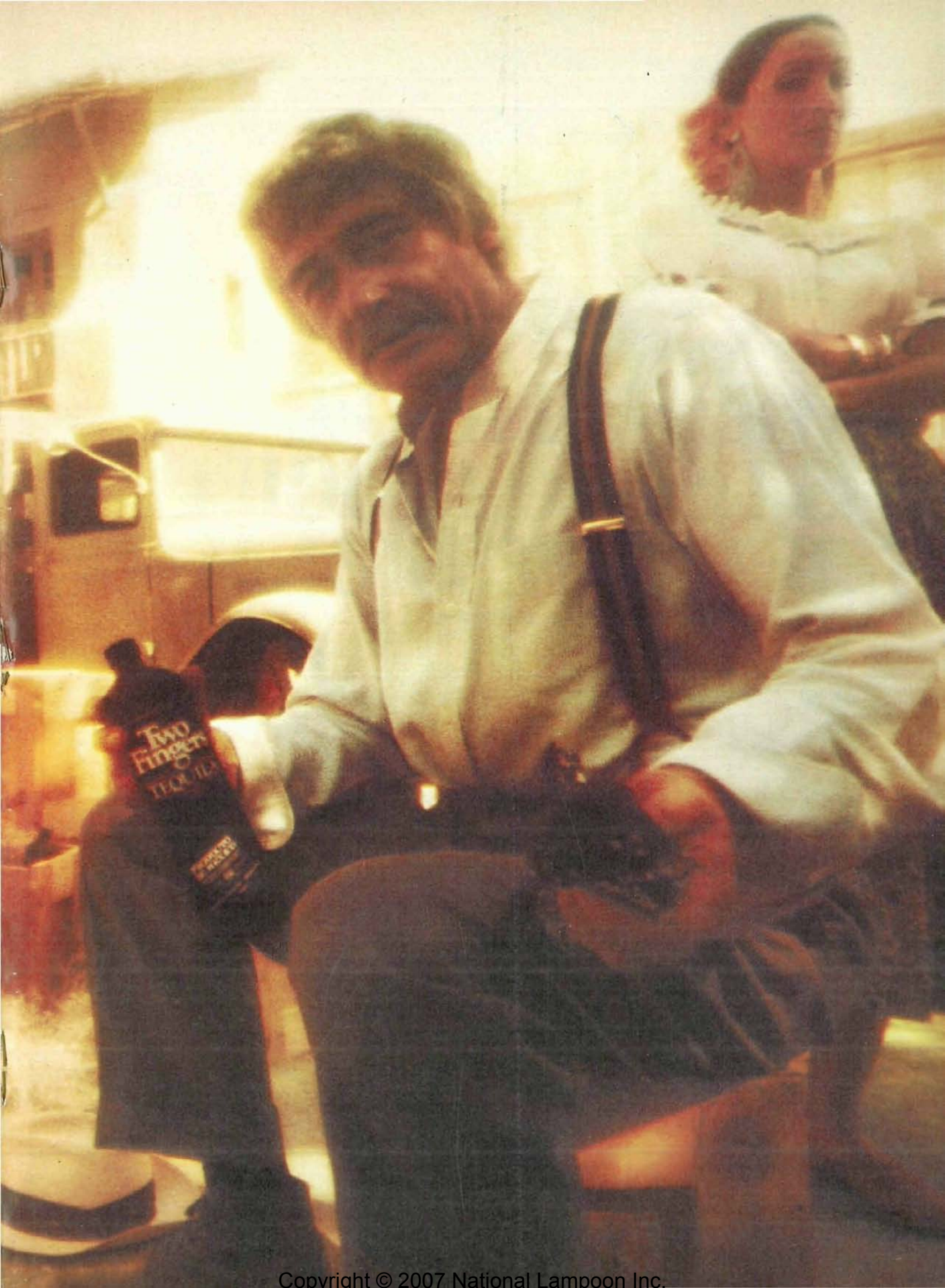
Nobody seems to be quite sure what happened to him. Maybe he retired a rich man to ranch in Jalisco. That doesn't seem too likely, though.

Whatever the case, Two Fingers left his mark. As strange as he was he got respect because he did things the only way he knew how. Right.

His legend is fading fast. But luckily, his tequila lives on.



©1976. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill., San Francisco, Calif. Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico





Studio: Mother Music Sound Recorders; Otis

THE FACT ALTEC IS THE NO. 1 CHOICE OF PROFESSIONALS SHOULD TELL YOU MORE THAN A WHOLE PAGE OF SPECS.

We could easily fill a number of pages with technical data about our speakers. That's something any speaker manufacturer can provide.

However, not every speaker can claim to be the number one choice of the professionals. The choice of the major recording studios, concert halls, stadiums and theaters. And we've been at the top for over forty years.

All we'd like to tell you here is that you can get the same professional quality for your home. And while all our home speakers fit comfortably into your environment, we didn't design them merely to be



beautiful pieces of furniture. An Altec Lansing speaker is primarily designed to recreate the full presence and sound of live performances. Faithfully and efficiently.

So if you're thinking of putting a great hi-fi system into your home, listen to the choice of the pros. An Altec Lansing speaker. The sound will convince you more than anything you can read. Stop at your nearest Altec Lansing dealer for a live demonstration. Or write us for a full-line catalog. Altec Lansing

International, 1515 S. Manchester, Anaheim, CA 92803, (714) 774-2900.

ALTEC LANSING. THE NUMBER ONE NAME IN PROFESSIONAL SPEAKERS IS COMING HOME.

Apple Boutique, Inc.

Annual
Near-Giveaway Sale



Apple Boutique, Inc.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear APPLEmaniacs:

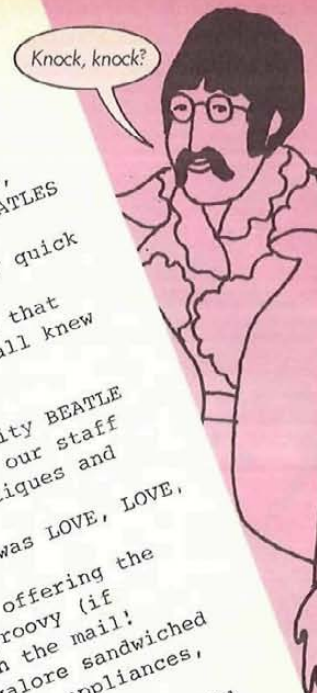
Hello! Welcome to the most totally "gear" shopping catalog ever printed. A few years ago, I was having a "rap session" with the FAB FOUR -- John, Paul, George, and Ringo; who else? We talked about many things, when all of a sudden, someone (I think it was me) had a pretty groovy thought. Why not put together a retail organization that would be progressive enough to understand what you, the consumer, wanted and needed?

You see, the BEATLES had been asked many times to lend their names to other people's businesses. They were besieged by shallow, callous businessmen looking to make huge profits by having the BEATLES front for them. The lads would have none of it! They wanted no part of any quick or shady deals. They had you, their fans, to protect. So when the boys and I talked of starting an organization that would have the feeling and the real input of the BEATLES, we all knew it was right.

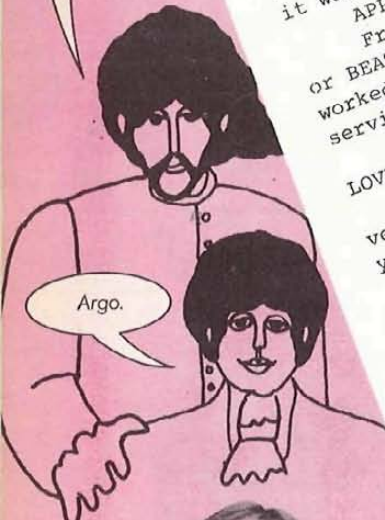
APPLE was born. From the outset, we stocked our shelves with only quality BEATLE or BEATLE-related products at our worldwide locations, and our staff worked many a HARD DAY'S NIGHT running our stores and boutiques and serving you. From the beginning, you took us to your hearts. It was LOVE, LOVE, LOVE. And so, because we love you so much, we are again offering the very same merchandise and items that we offer in our groovy (if you'll excuse the expression) establishments...through the mail! There are BEATLE BARGAINS and MOPTOP MARKDOWNS galore sandwiched between the covers of this catalog. Personal use items, appliances, once-in-a-lifetime offers, and even that hard-to-find gift.

Think about it.... You know SHE LOVES YOU, but you can't put your finger on that "right" gift...WE CAN WORK IT OUT! Think about it.... You need HELP in selecting a gift for him, and you're getting NOWHERE MAN...WE CAN WORK IT OUT!

Sincerely,

Who's there.



Argo who?



"Me and me mates are all hopped-up over our fab near-give-away sale. The bargains are too bloody good for even me to pass up! In fact, I might buy them all meself!"
—Ringo Starr

"I just took a peek at all the smashing items we're offering. Aren't they dishy? They were all made just for you, luv."
—Paul McCartney



"When you're seen beyond yourself, you will find that the true meaning of life is contained in our near-giveaway sale. Every item you buy will help spread the message of peace and love to the corners of the universe, suspended in space for eternity."
—George Harrison

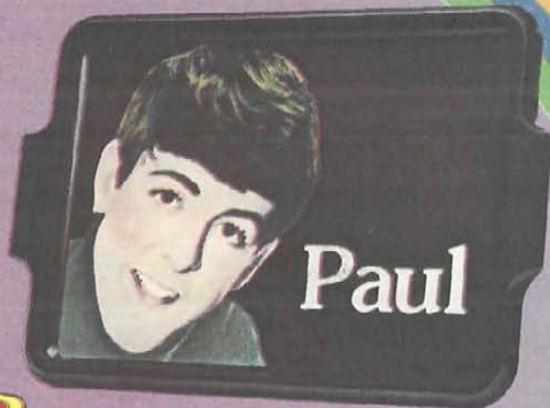
"Instead of spending all your shekels or dollars or francs or marks or what have you on your average pubescent rubbish, give us your money instead!!! All of it! Yes, even the change in the jar on top of the fridge that you were saving for Auntie Jessie's bypass operation! I want it all!! It's mine!! Mine!!! Har-har!"
—John Lennon



More Fab Values!

NORWEGIAN WOOD

This is it! Real Norwegian wood! Flown in directly from the enchanted forests of Oslo just for you! Well... isn't it good? = J052: \$35



YESTERTRAY

Yesterday, all my spices were in disarray, I need a place to make them stay, I think I'll use my YESTERTRAY. = P513 \$19.95



PAUL'S "FIXIN' A HOLE" HANDYMAN OUTFIT

You've seen those fingers attached to our own Paulie's hands flying like magic over the strings of his custom-built Gretsch bass and probably said to yourself, "Sure he can pick that bass like a bloody wizard, but can he grout tile or insulate an attic? I doubt it!" Well, if that was the way that you felt, you were dead wrong!



Paul can drive a nail as well as the next guy, and probably better!

He's even designed a "FIXIN' A HOLE" HANDY-MAN OUTFIT just for you!

Included in this outstanding KIT are specially designed tools for rock 'n' roll carpenters, such as:

One SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BANDSAW: complete with two blades.

One MAXWELL'S SILVER (PLATED) HAMMER: will do anything a hammer's supposed to do... and more!

One set BILLY (TIN) SHEARS

And double-edged NO RE-PLIERS.

And a bottle of BEALTEMONIA—to clean those hard-to-remove stains.

Plus Paul's own FIXIN' A HOLE

OVERALLS!
= P416: \$99.95



APPLES

Get 'em by the ton. Thousands of uneaten and partially eaten apples. Many with nary a blemish. Just bring your van over to the second floor of the Playboy Club on Curzon Street, and ask for Derek. = B121: \$5/lb.

I can bloody well drive a nail. I can drive a nail through your bloody skull is what I can do, arsewipe!



Special Purchase!

Apple Escort Service

Ex-Beatle Old Ladies
For rent, for hire, for almost anything you have in mind!



She wasn't called Maureen Cox for nuffin. They said that Maur could do it as good as any, better 'n most, even the world-Fillmous Linda! Maureen still sets a good table, sets a good head of hair (and sets on your face—har! har!). = **R291: \$18 a night**

She gives great hair, she does.



Ask'er to do the Japanese rope trick Yoko taught 'er.

Remember Cynthia. She gave ol' John lots of good times and she still has what it takes to give you the same. Cynthia is quite well off (thanks to our John paying her the Big A), but she craves love and friendship, so come together... live in Cyn! Har! = **J123: \$20 a night**



Look at Patti, she's no fatty. She's a top forty and a norty gal to boot. When Patti says yes, every night is like a long weekend. Don't let her face and figure fool you: she's a walking bedroom, she is. = **G542: \$27 a night**

We're still good friends, despite all me hangups.



Don't believe 'er when she says she's frigid.

Jane is not plain. Jane is fancy. She'd like to meet a nice young man with good prospects and a pleasing body odor. Treat her with understanding and respect, and she'll repay you as she did Paul. = **P101: \$22 a night**

Take the Apple Magical Mystery Tour to P---o R---o!



Pick up your Apple Bus* at the Apple Boutique* in London and fly Apple Airlines* to sunny P---o R---o! Get a free Apple cocktail* and Apple canapés* on board. Stay at the Apple Hilton* in downtown S---n J---n! Play Apple golf,* Apple tennis,* Swim in the Olympic-size Apple pool.* At night, there's dining and dancing in the glamorous Apple Room.* It's magical! It's mysterious! It's only \$99 one way!

*"Apple" is a trademark of the Apple Empire and simply a name: the cocktails, canapés, sports, and other "Apple" attractions mentioned are just like your regular cocktails, canapés, sports, etc., except they've got the name "Apple" attached to



Hullo. This is Richard Starkey, talking to you right across this page as if we were in the same room together.

After I became a very rich man, I thought I would help my fans and my friends get rich, too, and this is why I formed the Mr. Ringo Hair Salonne franchises. (Do you like the name salonne? I think it's very mod.)

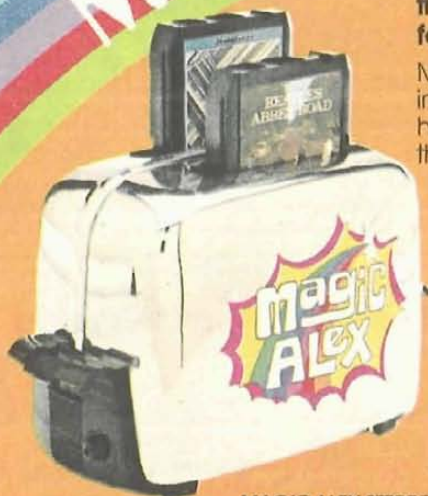
With one of my franchises, which allows you to use my name, you will make at least \$100 million a year (almost as much as me). Just send me a bank check or money order for \$50,000, and I'll send you: (1) a genuine Mr. Ringo Hair Salonne store sign made of unbreakable material; (2) a Mr. Ringo Hair Stylist Diploma suitable for framing; (3) a complete set of Mr. Ringo hair styling scissors made of Sheffield steel; (4) a set of Mr. Ringo combs; (5) a list of cities and towns where you can set up your Mr. Ringo Salonne; and (6) a lovely brochure written by myself, showing you the "Ten Shortcuts to Chic Hair Styling." And that's all you need, besides love.



Sale! Magic Alex Inventions

Perfect gifts for the home, for the hostess, for the busy executive, for the one you love!

Magic Alex, Apple's very own genius inventor and madcap personality, is selling his fab creations at half price for this limited time only!



MAGIC ALEX STEREO TOASTER

Put slices of bread in it, flick down the knob, and your favorite cassettes come on in full stereo. Bread activates the tape. Two or four slice models. = A271



MAGIC ALEX ELECTRONIC P---S ENLARGER

No rings, no weights, no stretch marks. Fully automatic, works electronically. Just put your p---s in the opening, press the magic button, and the unique magnetic rays bombard your little bozo until its molecular shape actually changes and enlarges. Painless. All you feel is a pleasant buzz. = A412



MAGIC ALEX MAHARISHI BEARD DRESS

Lengths of four, five, and six feet worth of hair that looks just like the Holy One's beard. Get it in authentic gray, black and white streaks, or pastel colors. = A201



MAGIC ALEX APPLE SHOES

Wobble and roll in your delicious little apple shoes. One size fits all. = A239

All items marked down to only **\$100** each.



Ya think Mick J. would look cute in the Maharishi dress? Har!

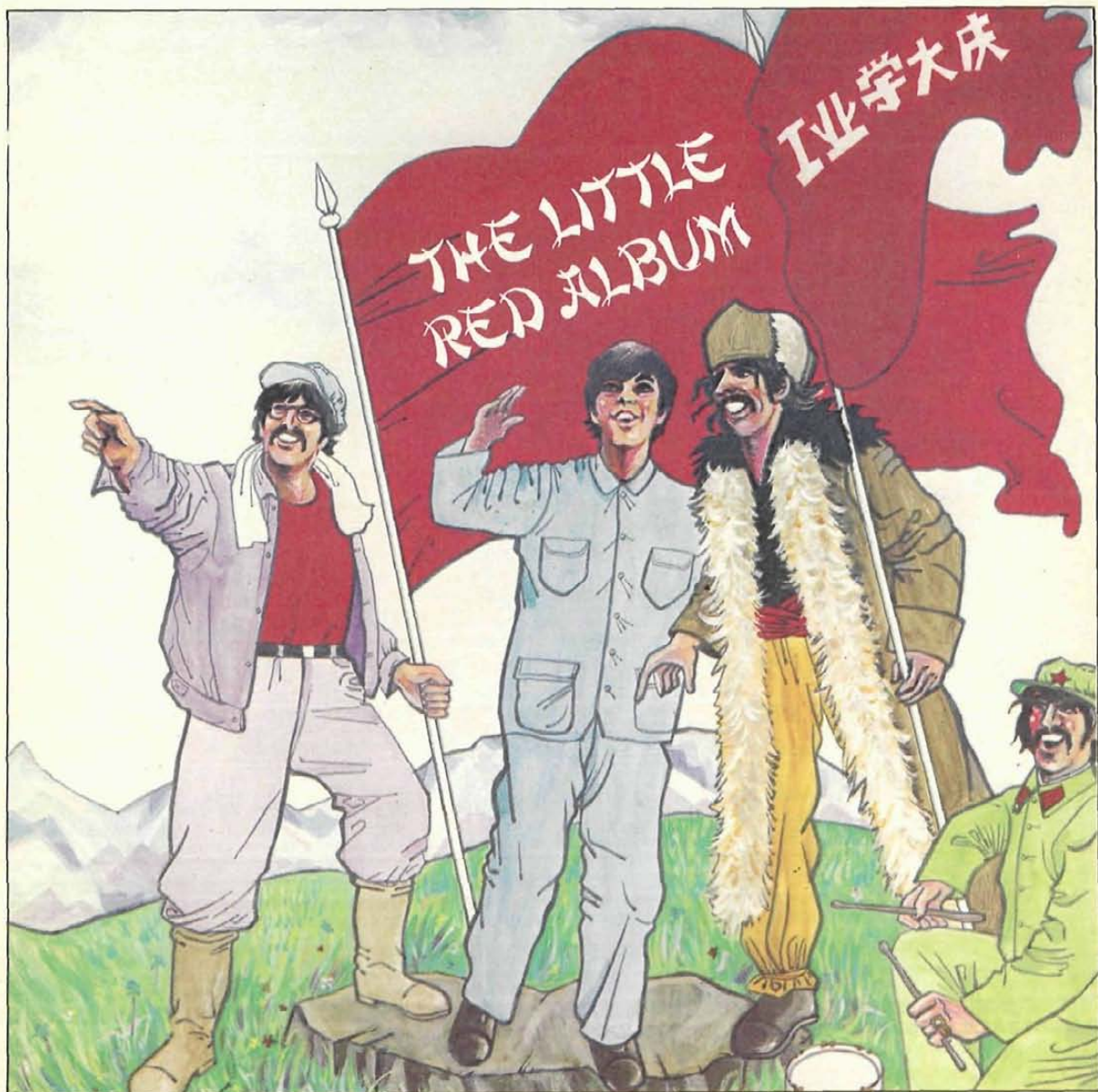
APPLE, INC.
HANDSOME TOWNHOUSE
SAVILLE ROW, LONDON

Dear Sirs: I love everything in your catalog. I enclose check, cash, money order, and stamps. Send everything.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

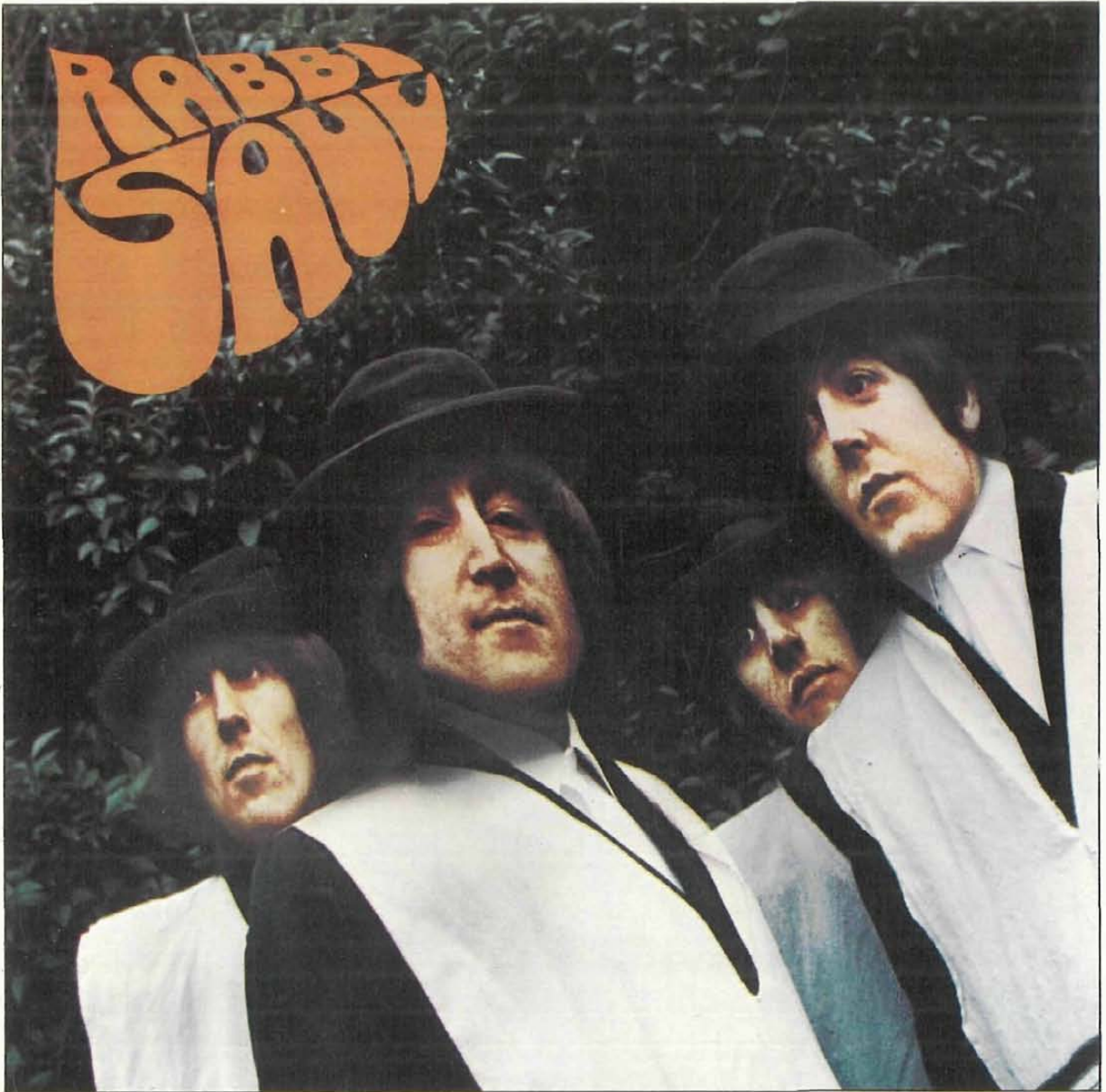
The Unreleased Albums of John, Paul, George, and Ringo

Despite their prodigious output during the years 1963-9, the Beatles wrote and recorded a number of other albums which, unfortunately for Beatlenuts, were not released, or bootlegged. Some of these represented definite changes the four went through, and some were simply crass pieces of blatant commercialism.



THE BEATLES RED ALBUM (1968) Mainly inspired by John, who happened to be on acid while watching the Paris student riots in the summer of '68, this collection was recorded in one night between dusk and dawn, in a "very collective" session (John speaking). Its release was blocked by Yoko Ono, who, being a Jap, doesn't like Chinks. Main cuts:

- Love Mao Do
- (Won't You) Please Police Me
- The Long and Winding Capitalist Roaders
- Happiness Proceeds out of the Barrel of a Warm Gun
- I Don't Want to Spoil the Party, So I'll Criticize Myself
- Paperback Tiger

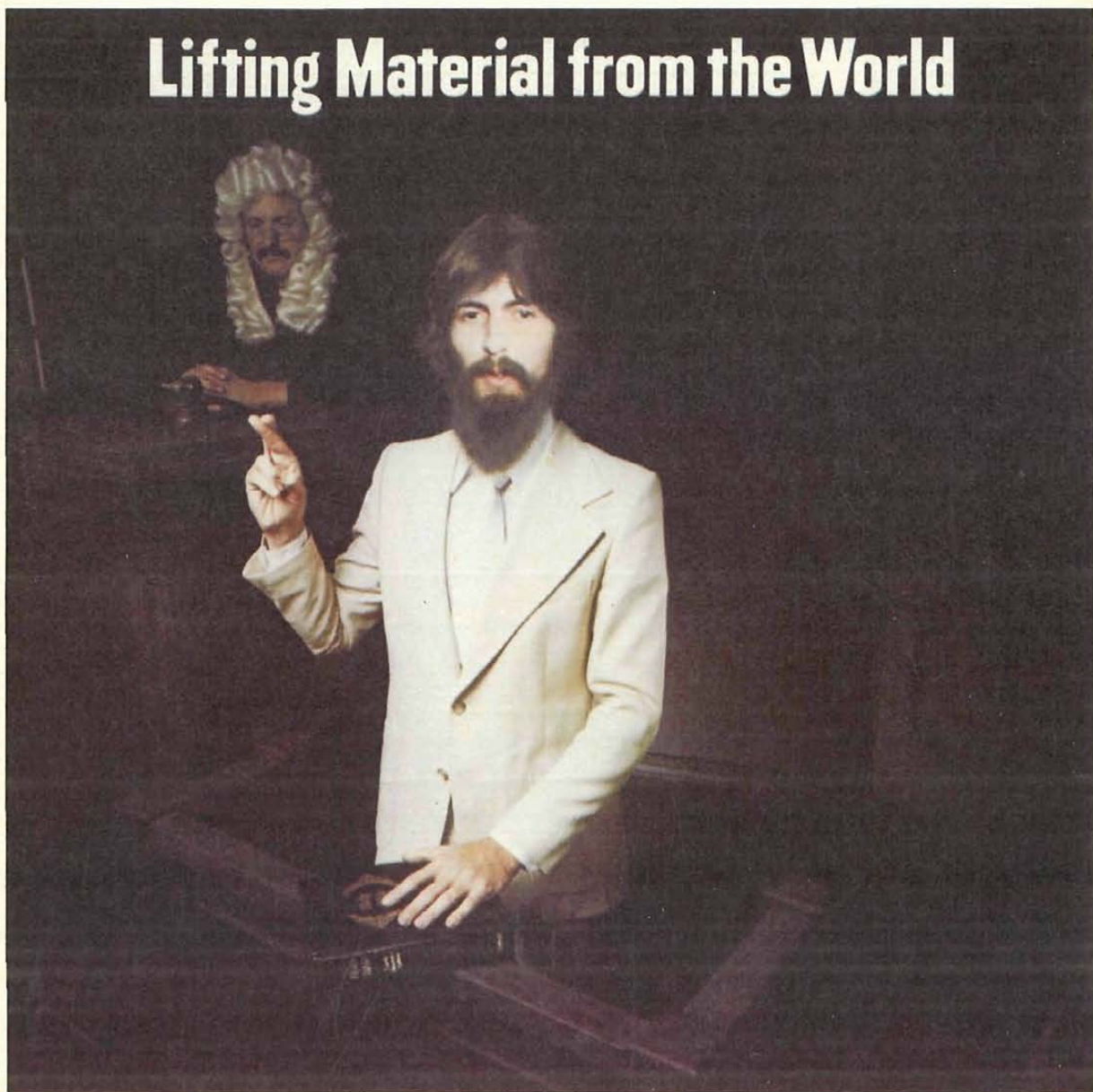


RABBI SAUL (1967) This album was recorded for the benefit of Queenie Epstein on the occasion of her son Brian's untimely death. The idea was simply to cheer her up after her terrible loss; but not content with being cheered up, Queenie wanted to have the album released, claiming it would make "a pile." When the group refused, she sued, claiming that since they had given her the album, she owned it outright. The court case continued until Allen Klein took over management of the Beatles, at which point Mrs. Epstein inexplicably dropped the suit.

Main cuts:

- *Hey, Juden*
- *Here Comes My Son, the Doctor Robert*
- *Helter Schmelter*
- *Your Mother Should Only Know*
- *P.S.I.O.U.*
- *If I Kvell*
- *Mocky Raccoon*
- *Sexy Seder*
- *The Schul on the Hill*

Lifting Material from the World



LIFTING MATERIAL FROM THE WORLD (1969) This album brings out a rather curious side of George Harrison's personality, one which is perhaps related to his obsession with money. George recorded this album in disguise, didn't tell any of the rest of the group about it, tried nonetheless to get it released through Apple, and then lied about everything it involved when the whole sordid business came out.

Main cuts:

- *My Sweet He's So Fine*
- *My Sweet Michelle*
- *My Sweet White Christmas*
- *Me and My Sweet Bobby McGee*
- *My Sweet Beethoven's Ninth Symphony*
- *My Sweet Fair Lady*
- *My Sweet Lullaby of Birdland*
- *My Sweet Greensleeves*
- *My Sweet Ave Maria*

GOOD NIGHT VICAR (1967) *Cover not shown.* Largely left out of the Beatles' craze for Indian mysticism, which he felt was "about as exciting as a wet shit on a tom-tom," Ringo briefly found Jesus in the autumn of '67. Rallying around their less than gifted drum-thumper, the group quickly threw together a collection of titles known informally as the *Prot* (Protestant) *Album*. After examining the various customs, costumes, and other paraphernalia of the Church of England, however, publicity whiz Derek Taylor decided that it would not be exploitable for the boys to "get religion." Main cuts:

- *He's Looking Through You*
- *I'll Follow the Son*
- *Revelations #9*
- *Say the Word (The Word Is God)*

FUCK ME? FUCK YOU (1970) *Cover not shown.* The big break-up brought a number of albums by John in its wake, of which this was the only not released. It consists entirely of John screaming at people.

- Main cuts:
- *Fuck You*
 - *Fuck Your Mother*
 - *Fuck Your Wife*
 - *Get Fucked*
 - *Fuck You Where You Breathe*
 - *Ah, Fuck*
 - *Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuckfuck Fuckfuck*

McCartney and Friend



PAUL McCARTNEY AND FRIEND (1970) Not to be outdone by his colleagues, Paul sought to make a statement about his musical roots. The result was *Paul McCartney and Friend*, a lavish, saccharine, overorchestrated Nelson Riddle production. McCartney blocked release of the LP when Sinatra dedicated "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp" to McCartney's wife, Linda. Main cuts:

- *I Did It My Way*
- *Theme from the Man with the Golden Arm*
- *A Foggy Day*
- *My Funny Valentine*

Beatlemania: The forgotten disease.

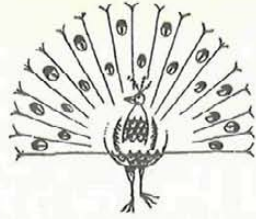


Goldie Schulman is thirty-four years old. She's a Beatlemaniatic.
Many of us have forgotten the sixties and Carnaby Street and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand,"
but to Goldie, nothing else exists.
Only through round the clock care and research can we hope to return our Beatlemaniatics to a normal life.
You can help with your contributions...
Just because you may have forgotten the Beatles, please don't forget Goldie Schulman.

Let's lick B.M.

National Beatlemania Foundation, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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Black Troubadour

A Credit to His Race

ALAN LUMMOX

PEN in hand, I took up my position in the combination bedroom/kitchen/toilet of one of the local field Negroes, with the intention of transcribing some of the African-influenced “syncopated rhythm snoring” for which this area of Alabama is justly famed. Night was falling, and the quaint little shanties of these playful, dusky folk were filled with slumbering black fellows, snoring according to their time-honored “breathe, whistle, snore, pause, snore” practice.

For a moment, I imagined I had been transported from 1909 Alabama to the encampment of fabled Prester John, in far-off Ethiopia. But my reverie was short-lived, as the strains of a plaintive air fell upon my ears.

Back in de U.S.S.R., boys
Yo’ doan know how lucky you is, boys
Back in de U.S.
Back in de U.S.
Back in de U.S.S.R.

Clearly, I had stumbled across an authentic, indigenous, African-influenced English-speaking downtrodden Negro folk song artist. Rushing, with pencil poised, I came upon the author of this remarkable lament, one Blind Lemon Preston.

Born in 1807 on the west coast of Gabon, Preston looks remarkably fit for an ex-slave of some 102 summers. Only a large hump on his back and a series of welts running from his sternum to his knees gives any hint of his former oppressed existence. Following a brief introduction, I pulled out my calipers and began measuring his cranium (he quipped, “You mus’ be fixin’ de hole



A POET FOR THE PEOPLE

Blind Lemon Preston at home with three of his thirty-two grandchildren, Vera (left), Chuck, and Dave (right).

where de rain come in to keep my mind from wanderin’”), whereby I determined that he was of a mixed Akan-Ashanti stock, with an admixture of Ik, Ndembu-Xosa, Lugbara, Ifu, and perhaps some Belgian, truly an astounding meld, but by no means uncommon among the highly-sexed Negroes of this region.

I could read the sorrowful history of his people in his face, and hear the moans of the dying on the unsanitary slave ships

as this woolly old Alan-a-Dale sang with his whole heart:

Ebery summer we can rent a cottage in
de Isle ob Wight
If it not be too dear...

“Yes,” I thought, “so like the Negro, who, with his indomitable spirit, strives after the impossible goal of leading a respectable middle class life in Hampshire.”

But, of course, therein lies the vitality of this music.

Preston will never play the great music halls of St. Louis, nor the glittering San Francisco Opera House. Neither shall the world long remember his homespun *chansons*; but there is still a place in the history of his admirable race for such gripping tunes as "Rocky Raccoon," which is Preston's reworking of the classic Kalinga tale of the cheetah and the python, so typical of the Negroidal fascination with the creatures of the field.

HOW DOES Preston come upon the inspiration for his songs? It would

seem to come out of that sense of childlike play so characteristic of his coracialists. Preston's own answer is typically ingenuous. "I jes' close my eyes, an' sometimes I be a moustachelly walrus, and other times I be a glass onion." Strange logic, but consistent within the framework of his deracinated culture, so sorely treated by fickle Clio.

Like the simple and pure Christianity of these environs, Preston's songs deal more with the rewards of the hereafter than the wrongs of the present. His eschatological "Lucy in de Sky wit de Diamonds" surely rivals the *Apocalypse* of St. John the Divine in the scope and breadth

of its imagery.

Picture yo'self on de boat by de ribbah
With tangerine dreams and marmylade
skies.

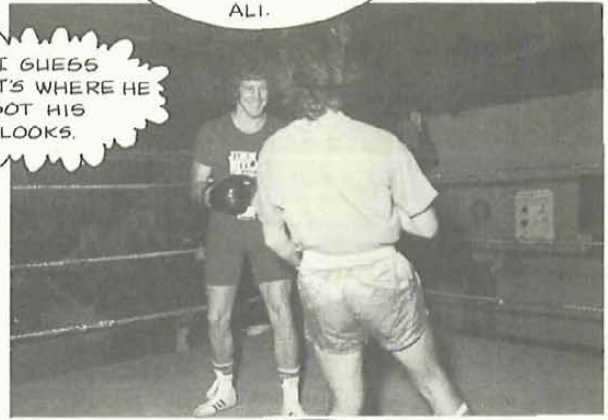
I wept with compassion and sorrow as I thought of this ebon Milton, whose works will surely follow him to the grave, his fame muted by an unjust social system. But, true to his trusting nature, Preston is not bitter. With a philosophic wave of the hand, he dismisses fame and fortune with the simple, yet poetic injunction

Let it be. Let it be.

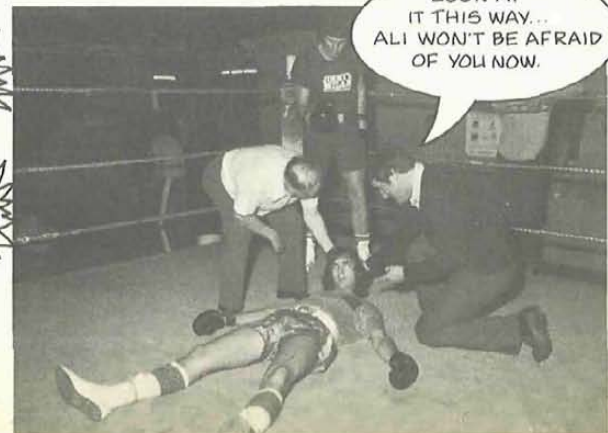
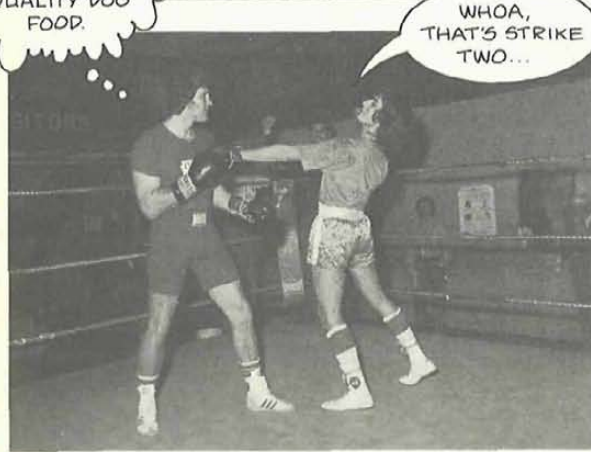


I AIN'T NOT BELEEBIN'

Credo of a Folk Poet



THIS INDIVIDUAL IS BORDERLINE QUALITY DOG FOOD.



He Blew His Mind Out in a Car

The true story of Paul McCartney's death

Early on the morning of January 18, 1967, James Paul McCartney MBE left a party he had been attending in the smart dormitory town of Guildford Surrey. The other members of the Beatles also attended the party, but witnesses disagree as to whether any or all of them accompanied him upon his departure. Some hours subsequently, McCartney's rented car was found in Wimbledon Common, also in Surrey, a dozen miles or so from Guildford. In the driver's seat was McCartney's body. The local coroner, at the urging of McCartney's colleagues and under pressure from many powerful financial interests in the City of London, gave no publicity to the demise and returned a verdict of accidental death.

McCartney's death remains, however, even at this distance, shrouded in mystery. The body that was delivered to Wimbledon Hospital was undoubtedly that of the famed bass player, exhibiting not only precise physical characteristics, but also a strawberry birthmark on the left buttock, which McCartney had often displayed in private, and which he claimed proved he was of noble birth.

Other questions are still, ten years or more after the fact, unanswered. Why was the car in which McCartney was found a total wreck? Why had he been garroted, stabbed with a dagger, and shot several times? Were these wounds fatal, or was the coroner correct in returning his verdict of accidental death?

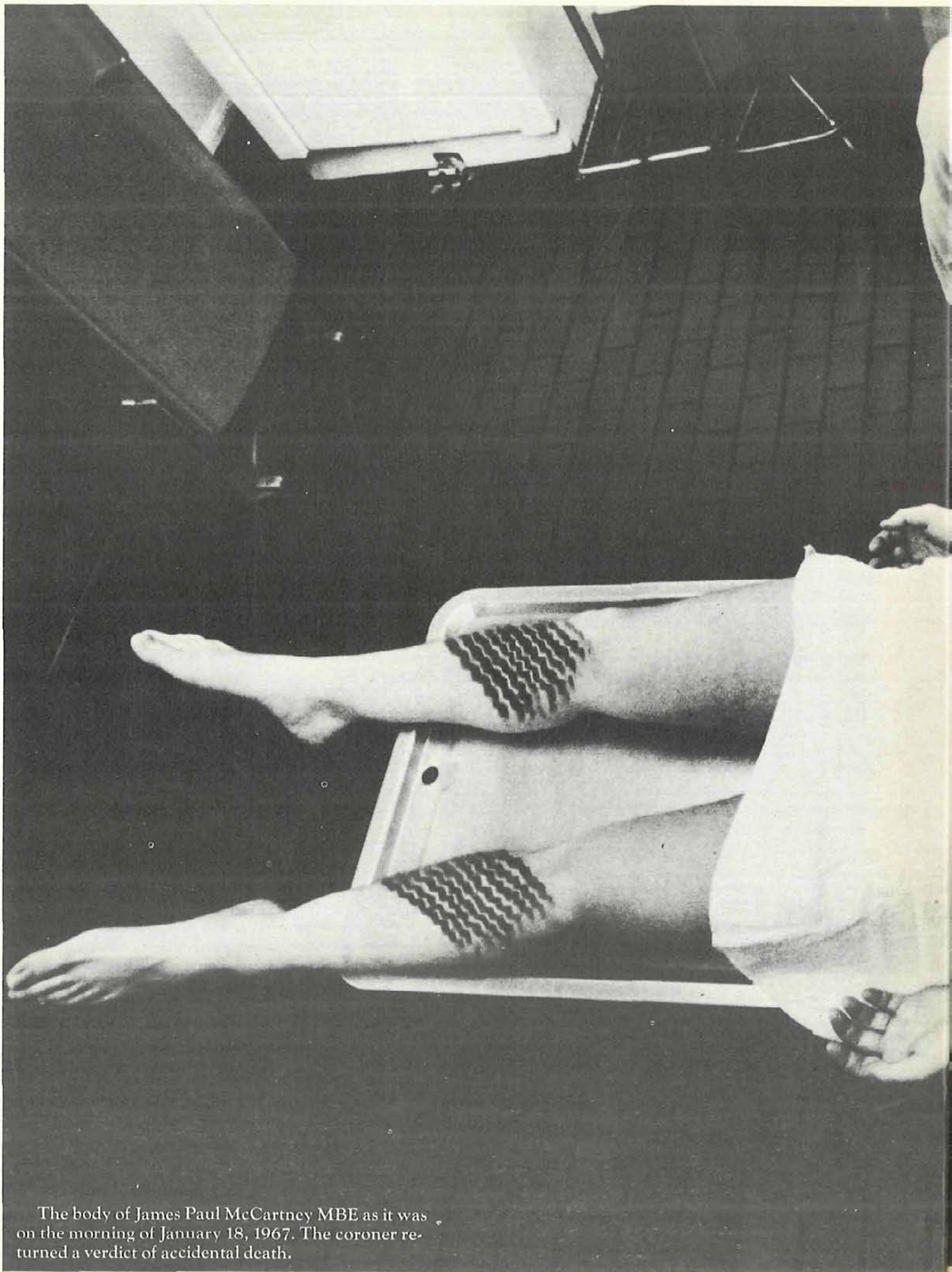
McCartney's colleagues are of little help in finding solutions to these unresolved problems. Certainly it might be thought somewhat heartless of them to have immediately found a substitute for McCartney, which they successfully did in time for the release of the monumental *Sgt. Pepper* album some seven months later. And certainly the subsequent behavior of the substitute, whose origin has always been totally obscured, began to diverge more and more from the cool, intelligent, irreverent, and yet tasteful comportment of his illustrious predecessor. The ego-

seeking dominance of "McCartney" during the Apple phase, his cantankerous demands over the stewardship of Allen Klein, his marriage to an unattractive and snobbish opportunist, and his current obsession with easy money, outdated social pretension, and the lowest forms of elevator music, are ample evidence of an exploitation of the original Paul's reputation and talent, which only time and an informed public can curtail.

His colleagues, while undoubtedly guilty of a cover-up, did attempt to pay tribute to their fallen comrade. In less than a week, the exquisite threnody to Paul's buttocks, "Strawberry Fields Forever," had been rushed onto the B-side of his last hit, the haunting "Penny Lane." From then until the demise of the group (strangely mirroring McCartney's own, and engineered by the monster ingrate they had sired), they scattered clues and wistful notes of regret throughout their work: "A Day in the Life," the message on the rim of the *White Album* second disc, "Why Don't We Do It in the Road," the fade of "All You Need Is Love," the "Requiem Mass" sealed *inside* the first thousand pressings of *Abbey Road*, and, of course, the entire *Two Virgins* albums, when the existing cuts are removed with a carving knife or sander. Lennon, incidentally, credited the substitute McCartney with much of his greatest work (and in the process, with millions of dollars), and Brian Epstein, Paul's lover of several years, paid perhaps the ultimate tribute later in 1967 by taking his own life.

What would have become of the Beatles, had McCartney not died so young? It is hard to say. Without doubt they would not have inspired the terrifying apocalypse of Charles Manson, nor would their attempt to bring about world peace have failed. Above all, they would still be together, playing the music that the real McCartney loved, played, and largely authored. The Beatles, the real Beatles, the Beatles of all that we know before that dreadful day in the winter of 1967, would still be with us.

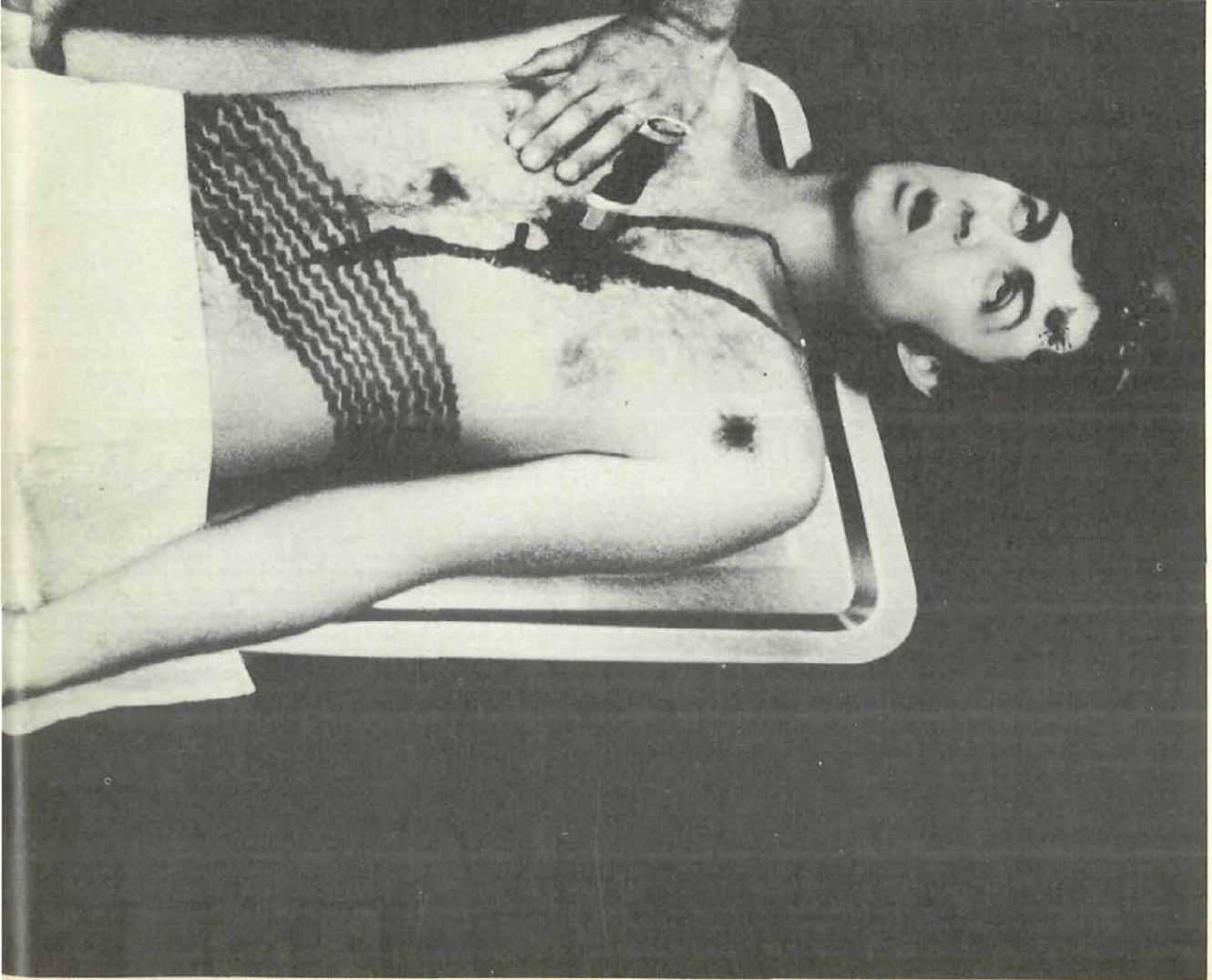
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The body of James Paul McCartney MBE as it was on the morning of January 18, 1967. The coroner returned a verdict of accidental death.



The substitute McCartney in a rare photograph, as he is today. "McCartney," now the leader of a "bubble gum" group called Wings, seems less and less worried about concealing his true identity.



The Second Coming of the Beatles or Revaluations According to John

- Low and behind, the Beatles turned and returned and mine ears could heartily believe the site of it;
- The Blessed Paul being at that thyme the soul one of us not dead and numb;
- Georgie the Nit having guru without growing;
- And Ringo having departed to camp in somebody else's thirties;
- And your savant John being with Yoko all over his phase.
- And I beheld seventy times seven groups straining the quality of Mersey, and their names were American and Legion;
- And their mitts were full of golden discs;
- And one their leader was tape, and his name was Elton;
And he Flamed.
- All ascending upon crowds of Glorias, the top of the pops,
the tip of the pits, the pot of the tots;
- And I new in a flesh, like a belt from the blues
- That us Beatles wood never be bigger than Jesus;
- Verily, we were but four long-haired lads with one smart Jewish public relations man;
- Whereas He was one long-haired lad with four smart Jewish public relations men.



The New York Times

LATE CITY EDITION

Weather: Sunny, beautiful today; terrific tomorrow. Better days ahead. Temperature range: today 62-80; yesterday same.

1977 The New York Times Company

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1977

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20 CENTS

"All the Good News That's Fit to Print"

VOL. CXXXVI, No. 43,712

ISRAEL DROPS ALL CLAIMS TO ANCIENT LANDS

PALESTINIANS IMMEDIATELY RETURN ISRAEL TO ISRAELIS

Middle East Scene of Widespread Feasting and Rejoicing

By RENDALL WALLIS
Special to The New York Times

JERUSALEM, September 27—Negotiations in Geneva for a Middle East accord, hopelessly deadlocked since last summer, were abruptly cancelled today, after Menachem Begin, conservative hard-liner and Premier of Israel, renounced all Israel's claims to lands formerly known as Palestine. Within minutes of the announcement, however, a communiqué from PLO headquarters in Lebanon informed startled negotiators that Yasir Arafat, a longtime Palestinian spokesman, was prepared to allow Israelis to remain "for time immemorial" in the lands they had once occupied according to Biblical tradition. All the Palestinians asked, said Mr. Arafat, was a nation at peace with Israel and all other Semitic tribes, on the West Bank of the Jordan. Endorsements of the proposal poured in from other Arab capi-

Continued on Page 3, Col. 5

USSR, JAPAN, WHALES SIGN PEACE PACT

"WHALES ARE PEOPLE, TOO," SAYS BREZHNEV, VOWS COOPERATION



President Carter laughs with Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev after signing SALT agreement in Atlantic City, N.J.

Afrikaanners in Mass Suicide

South Africa to Become Democracy

By FOXWORTH BUTTER
Special to The New York Times

JOHANNESBURG, September 27—As [not clear what their motivation was, but a night fell on this embattled bastion of clue was given when Defense Minister white supremacy, blacks returning to their Kruger before beating himself to a pulp

By TURDIN DILLMAN
Special to The New York Times

LOS ANGELES, September 27—Scientists at the UCLA Research Laboratory for Pandemics issued a preliminary bulletin today indicating that oryzo, a herb commonly used in a number of Mediterranean dishes, has been proven con-

Brezhnev, Carter, Hua Agree To Eradicate Nuclear Arsenals

Major Nuclear Powers to Dump Weapons in Pacific

By BUTTER FOXWORTH
Special to The New York Times

In a surprise move, the leaders of all three of the most powerful military nations on the planet agreed mutually today to do away with their existing nuclear arsenals. Specialists in the Pentagon, the Kremlin, and Peking report that blueprints for all weapons now in existence in development, or to be developed will also be destroyed.

No explanation was given for the sudden reversal in policies which have governed the economies and relations of the world's mightiest nations for more than two decades. In a specially called news conference in Washington, however, Democratic President Carter said that the decision had been unilateral. "I just felt the call," said Mr. Carter, "and that was that." At almost the same time, apparently unknown to the President, Mr. Brezhnev and Chinese Communist Chairman Hua Kuo-feng were making similar announcements in Moscow and Peking, respectively. Within hours, all other nations officially or unofficially in possession of nuclear capability had also renounced their arsenals and announced plans for their disposal. Significant among the American weapons was the neutron

Continued on Page 17, Col. 3

Vatican Reverses Birth Control Stand: Pope Calls Sex "Lots of Fun"

By WORTH INMAN
Special to The New York Times

OIL MULTINATIONALS LIQUIDATE SELVES

PROCEEDS TO BE PLACED AT DISPOSAL OF EMERGING NATIONS

By WORTH BUTTERFOX
Special to The New York Times

The so-called Seven Sisters—the oil companies whose cartel has determined the direction of the world's economy since the advent of fossil-fuel technology—today went into voluntary liquidation. What the announcement means in terms of immediate revenues is not clear, but experts in international economics estimate that if the companies involved eliminate the profits they have traditionally reaped from the sale of oil, the resulting excess will amount to hundreds of billions of dollars. While the oil companies will not cease to exist as entities, they will turn over their facilities to governments in the countries where they are presently located

Continued on Page 9, Col. 2

Signals from Mars Reveal Intelligent Life

By DURDITILL BUTTERFOX
Special to The New York Times

CAPE CANAVERAL, September 27—Radio signals received from the planet Mars reveal the presence on that planet of highly evolved, intelligent life.

Speaking for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Dr. Carl Sagan, an authority on extraterrestrial communications, stated: "This is, quite simply, the most significant event in the history of mankind since the birth of Christ. The signals are in English, and their content and intention are plain. The Martians seem like damn nice folks."

A partial transcript of the message has been relayed to the public (see below). In it, the Martians beings request "immediate and amicable" contact with human civ-

homes in the settlements outside the city with an assegai, announced that "it was time the blacks had the country to themselves of thick-necked Boers, for more than half a century merciless advocates of apartheid, throwing themselves beneath the wheels of cars, buses, and trains. In the confusion of the lemming-like rush of the Afrikaaners to self-destruction, it was

clusively to cure all forms of cancer when
 VATICAN CITY, September 27—With the promulgation of a dramatic and historic Papal encyclical, "Cito Ergo Sum," Pope Paul XI today encouraged the world's Roman Catholics to "enter into the marital embrace," as often as possible, whatever their "state of life," and regardless of the use of *pelletum* (the pill), *diaphragm* (the diaphragm), or *scumbagg* (the safe). This great and wonderful gift of God, known to the early Fathers as *the old-in-out*, is divinely ordained for the pleasure of his creatures, lay, celibate, and papal," said His Holiness, who argued that the traditional Roman Catholic position—that the purpose of sex is procreation—has been based on a misreading of St. Thomas Aquinas. *Recreation* was apparently the word actually used by the "Angelic Doctor" to explain the role "wicked dipping" has in the Deity's scheme of

ization, and offer the "fruits of our own culture" in exchange.
 MARTIAN MESSAGE FRIENDLY
 A partial transcript, as released by NASA, of the radio message from Mars reads as follows:
 "Hello Earth stop Seek ties between our two planets stop Offer fruits of our civilization specifically conversion of red sand into steak stop Also extraction of natural gas from red sand stop Also non-addictive pain-killer as by-product of process for converting red sand into non-polluting transport vehicles stop Seek in return distribution rights to future Beale albums ditto spinoff merchandise ditto booking rights for concert tour stop De-tails follow stop
 NASA officials have not yet made public the text of their reply.

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Resurrection Reports Appear Accurate

By WORTH BUTTER
 Special to The New York Times
 THE HAGUE, September 27—After lengthy negotiations, the USSR, Japan, and the whales have signed a non-aggression treaty hailed as "a milestone" by all parties. Although the exact details of the agreement were not released, it was learned through reliable sources in the whale community that both Japan and Russia will immediately cease the "hunting, rendering, and canning of whales." In return, the whales have promised to monitor movements of American missile subs for the Russian government as well as two Datsun-laden barges from the Port of Yokohama to San Francisco.

Continued on Page 31, Col. 1

By DURDILLINMAN
 Special to The New York Times
 LONDON, September 27—Doctors in England pronounced themselves baffled today at the news that an obscure artist, dead of a brain hemorrhage in the early sixties, had "risen from the dead." The man in question, Stuart Sutcliffe, was indeed reported dead in 1962 and was buried. Today, however, according to close friends and relatives, he is alive and well, and walking around the streets of Liverpool, his hometown. Preliminary examinations of the resurrectee confirm that he is indeed in good health and furnish no explanation of his sudden return to life. In a related story in California, Janis Joplin,

Continued on Page 14, Col. 4

Continued on Page 31, Col. 1

By WENDS RAWDELL
 Special to The New York Times
 LONDON, September 27—Reporters called to a special press briefing at Buckingham Palace this morning were told of the discovery of an enormous quantity of gold bullion in the course of a routine housecleaning of the palace's private quarters. Palace spokesmen are at a loss to explain the origin of the gold, but are satisfied from markings on the bars that the bullion is property of the Crown.

Continued on Page 8, Col. 4

Continued on Page 31, Col. 1

At this morning's briefing, reporters were allowed to question Arnold Smith, the elderly retailer who discovered the neatly stacked bars under a tarpaulin in a seldom-used storeroom that housed sports equipment. The self-effacing Smith admitted that it had been some years since the storeroom had been thoroughly cleaned. To assertions that he would very likely become a national hero, the seventy-four-year-old Smith could only shake his head and express the hope that he would not be rebuked for neglecting the storeroom for so long.

Continued on Page 8, Col. 4

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Continued on Page 8, Col. 4

Continued on Page 31, Col. 1



Field Marshal Fascisto Bastardo and Archbishop Francisco Lamento of Brazil transfer power and money to workers and peasants.

Continued on Page 13, Col. 3



HS-330
Speakers Woofer: 10"
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Paper cones are fine but they have a tendency to respond partially and not "wholeheartedly" to a signal coming from the amplifier.

In other words, as the voice coil pushes or pulls at the cone center, part of the cones respond correctly while other parts don't.

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The result of extensive research into all possible (and sometimes impossible) cone materials, Hitachi's engineers created the Metal Cone with perfect low resonance characteristics.

Light, rigid, it also possesses a "gathered edge" supporting the metal cone firmly without disturbing piston movement.

Altogether producing far less distortions than conventional paper cones.

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You might even say it gives your music an edge.



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BEAT THE MEATLES

continued from page 88

this. Back when you were performing live and you used to look out there at all those screaming thirteen-year-old girls, did you ever get a sudden craving to ram your cocks down their open mouths?

John: Oh, coonstantly. I remember wishin' I could fly righ' off the stage an' dive-bomb 'em with me dick out.

(Gentle, reminiscent laughter)

Chris: Paul, how do you shave?

Paul: First down, then oop. Then I pu' on a li'ul after-shave.

Chris: That's amazing. That's exactly how I do it.

Ringo: Me, too.

Chris: Ringo, what's the rest of your morning like? I mean, what are the things you do when you get up?

Ringo: Well, let's see. I 'ave a pee. I broosh me teeth, take a shower, get dressed, an' eat me breakfast.

Chris: What kind of toothpaste do you use?

Ringo: Crest.

Chris: Great. Uh, George, if it started to rain breasts, what would you do?

George: Become vurry frightened.

(Laughter)

Chris: John, what would you do?

John: Roon outside with a bushel basket.

(Redoubled laughter)

Chris: Paul, what's five and three?

Paul: Eight.

Chris: Great. Great. Isn't this terrific?

Ringo: I'm 'avin a woonderful time.

(General assent)

Yoko: See the wine sparkle. Examine its sound. The glass is round.

(Pause)

Chris: The wine is a Blanc de Blanc. I always pro-

nounce that "blank-dee-blank." You know, like in *(sings)* "Poosh-dee-poosh, we can work it out, baby?"

John: Oh, yeh, the Contours. Always liked tha' one.

Ringo: Wha's tha', then? "Do You Luv Me"?

John: Righ'.

Chris: You guys still listen to old rock 'n' roll?

Paul: Oh, shur, me Li'ul Richard an' Chook Burry an' like tha'.

Chris: What do you listen to that's contemporary?

Yoko: I hear the snowflakes fall soundlessly...and the footsteps of the angels.

John: Yeh, we listen qui'e a bit to the foo'steps uv the angels these days.

Chris: Ringo, what do you think of Farrah Fawcett?

Ringo: Nice teeth an' nipples.

Chris: You like nipples!

Ringo: Oh, shur.

Chris: Well, what do you think of all those magazines like *Penthouse* and *Hustler* going into the pink?

Ringo: You mean, like, feelin' good an' 'ealthy?

George: No, you goon, tha's "in the pink." 'E's talkin' about pickshurs uv nood women in magazines, 'oldin' thur stoof open.

continued on page 106



INTRODUCING THE SHARP EYE.™



IT ENDS THE HIT AND MISS METHOD OF FINDING SONGS ON TAPE.

The *Sharp Eye* is an electronic advance developed by Sharp Laboratories. It can automatically find each music selection on an audio tape and play it.

Technically called an Automatic Program Search System, the *Sharp Eye* is many times faster and easier than the manual, imprecise method you have to put up with on even the most expensive audio equipment.

How does it work? In simple terms, it electronically "reads" the short pause, or absence of sound, between songs on the tape.

So if you're in the middle of

one song and want to go on to the next, just hit the *Sharp Eye* button. The machine automatically races Fast-Forward to the next pause and then automatically plays the next song.

If you want to hear any selection over again, it works the same way in reverse.

The *Sharp Eye* is an exclusive feature on all Sharp tape equipment including the RT 1155, shown. This superbly engineered stereo cassette deck with Dolby* noise reduction features a narrow gap Permalloy head for extended high frequency response, servo

controlled DC motor for absolute speed stability and low wow and flutter, and the most advanced circuitry available today.

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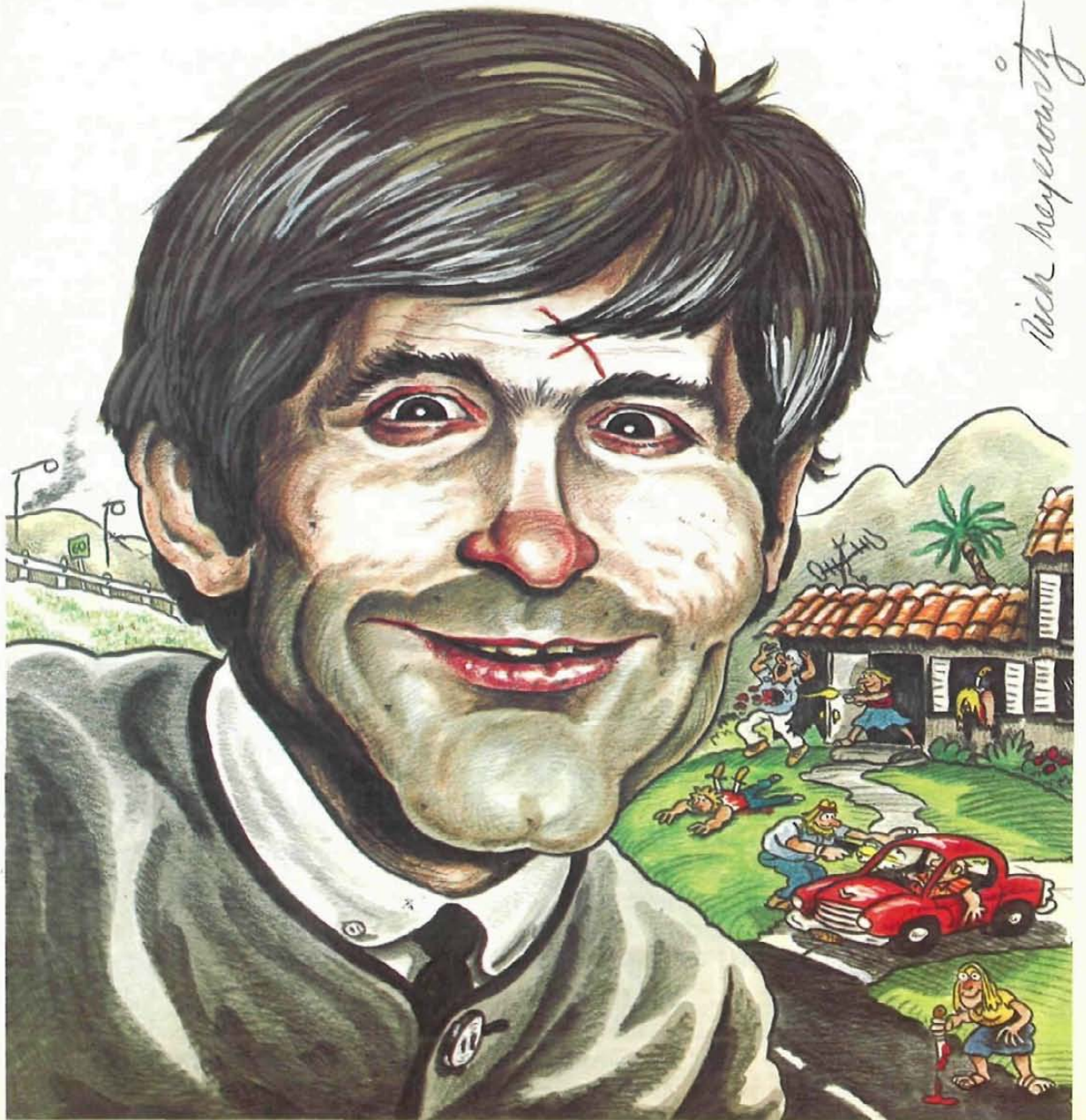
They all give you the finest high-fidelity sound you'll find in their price range. As for the *Sharp Eye*, you won't find that on any other equipment at any price.

**THE SHARP EYE
IS QUICKER THAN THE HAND.**

SHARP

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

Charlie - the fifth Beatle.



TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL

True Facts

FACT OF THE MONTH

• Scott Crull, twelve, of Calumet City, Illinois, discovered for the first time that he was dying of bone cancer after hearing it announced on national television.

Sportscaster Keith Jackson made the announcement after Chicago Cubs outfielder Bobby Murcer hit two home runs on the ABC "Monday Night Baseball" broadcast of the Cubs-Pirates game. Murcer, Jackson announced, had promised to hit the homers on behalf of the boy, who at the time had a month or slightly more to live.

Scott's parents, who had successfully kept the truth of his illness from him for three years, were very distressed. Murcer stated that, in fact, he had not promised to hit any home runs, but merely had telephoned encouragement to the boy at the request of the Cubs' public relations office.

ABC was quick to apologize for the incident. "It was one of those terribly unfortunate things," a spokesman said. *N.Y. Post*, August, 1977; AP

• Claude Antoine, an out-of-work taxi driver from Belport, France, was arguing with some friends about who could spit best. "I can spit you all into the ground," Antoine boasted. He took a running start on the balcony of a second-story bedroom, fell over the rail and landed in the street, fracturing his skull and breaking both legs and both wrists. *Toronto Star*

• According to the Knight-Ridder News Service, the inscription on the metal bands used by the U.S. Department of the Interior to tag migratory birds has been changed.

The bands used to bear the address of the Washington Biological Survey, abbreviated *Wash. Biol. Surv.*, until the agency received the following letter from an Arkansas farmer:

"Dear Sirs: I shot one of your crows the other day. My wife followed the cooking instructions on the leg tag and I want to tell you it was horrible."

The bands are now marked *Fish and Wildlife Service. Akron Beacon Journal* (Tim Howe)

• Sears, Roebuck and Co. has issued warnings to the owners of some 17,000 exercise cycles sold in its stores. According to a spokesman for Sears, "...after extensive use a metal post under the seat may push through the plastic seat material, exposing the rider to the risk of injury." *Dallas Morning News*

• When Roxbury Township, New Jersey, passed an ordinance banning garage sales, the area's local newspaper, the *West Morris Star Journal*,

ran a jocular editorial demanding a mandatory death sentence for violators and calling for the investigation of "other un-American activities such as church bazaars and baking apple pie."

So many subscriptions were canceled that the *Star Journal* was forced to run a second editorial explaining that the first one was supposed to be satirical. *N.Y. Post*

RAPE IN THE NEWS

• Two young women sunbathing in a secluded spot near Sacramento, California, were approached by a man with a gun who ordered them to undress and perform oral sex on each other, then on him. But while one of the women fellated the man, he lay back and closed his eyes, and the other woman hit him on the head with a rock.

Stunned, the attacker dropped his gun and fled. Police arrested him five hours later when he returned to the scene to pick up his car. *Reuters*

• A Milwaukee man abducted a local woman and forced her to have intercourse with him in his car. After he'd finished, the woman told him that she might get pregnant and she wanted him to know about it if she did. He gave her his phone number. Police arrested him later that day. *Wisconsin State Journal* (Karen McKim)

• A newly invented rape protection product called *Rapel* consists of a vial of concentrated skunk oil with which the attacked woman is supposed to drench herself in order to repulse a would-be rapist. *Toronto Star*

**LIVES OF THE GREAT
THIS MONTH:
HENRY FORD 1863-1947**

DR. MARQUIS, A LIFELONG FRIEND, ONCE SAID, "THE ISOLATION OF HENRY FORD'S MIND IS ABOUT AS NEAR PERFECT AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT."

QUESTIONED ABOUT HIS HIRING OF THUGS TO BEAT LABOR ORGANIZERS, FORD IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID "LABOR UNIONS MEAN WAR, AND I DON'T LIKE WAR."

IN 1915, FORD RENTED AN OCEAN LINER TO SAIL ON A PEACE MISSION TO END WWI, BUT HE HAD HIMSELF SMUGGLED OFF THE SHIP IN NORWAY AND LATER CLAIMED THAT THE ONLY GOOD TO COME FROM THE TRIP WAS THAT HE'D FOUND A WAY TO SELL TRACTORS TO THE RUSSIANS.

FORD ONCE SPENT HOURS PAINSTAKINGLY CARVING WOODEN CROTONS TO PUT IN TIRE ENTREPRENEUR HARRY FIRESTONE'S SOUP

FORD CLAIMED THAT MOST OF THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS COULD BE TRACED TO IMPROPER DIET AND ONCE FED HIS EMPLOYEES "GRASS SANDWICHES" OF HIS OWN INVENTION, WHICH WERE SAID TO TASTE LIKE HAY.

T

9 Arguments for Renewed Colonial Expansion by Western Powers

1. During the recent rebellion in Zaire's Shaba province, the Zairean army was forced to recall its poison arrow-armed pygmy units because they couldn't see over the local elephant grass. The government of Zaire claimed that the deployment of pygmies had been a great success anyway because of the Shaba rebels' belief that pygmies can communicate with spirits and animals. *UPI*

2. The government of Tanzania has issued a statement denying that vampires are being used to supply the national blood bank. *Toronto Star*

3. Last May, hundreds of thousands of protesters in Peking, China, took to the streets in massive demonstrations against the housefly. *Philadelphia Inquirer*

4. In order to recover the body of a relative executed by the Ethiopian military junta, the deceased's family must pay 150 Ethiopian dollars (approx. \$75 U.S.) to cover the cost of the bullets used by the firing squad. *The Economist*

5. Thousands of parents removed their children from school in New Delhi, India, because they thought the children were being sterilized. They were actually being vaccinated against tuberculosis. According to the Indian government, the sterilization rumors started because the vaccinations were being given on the wrist or big toe instead of the upper arm. *UPI*

R

6. Siddhi Binayak, a Nepalese wild elephant who is worshipped locally as a divine reincarnation of the Hindu god Shiva's son Ganesh, was tried for murder in a Katmandu law court. He was found innocent. *Pennsylvania Sunday Tribune Review*

7. Communist China has bought the sex organs of 1,000 New Zealand deer for use in a tonic whose ingredients also include the genitals of dogs and seals. According to its label, the tonic is good for "promoting the brain and recovering memory and strengthening the organs," and is particularly recommended for those suffering from "untimely senility, sores around the waist, and pale faces." *Toronto Star*

8. A new law in the Philippines orders all Filipinos over the age of ten to plant one tree a month or be fined and stripped of various rights and privileges. If this law remains in effect for one year, it will result in the planting of more than a quarter of a billion trees in a nation that is largely rain forest. *Toronto Globe and Mail*

U

Spoilers

Here're the endings to some current potboilers. Hope this wrecks them for you:

BOOKS

Full Disclosure by William Safire: The president of the U.S. is blinded in an ambush and resigns despite a vote of confidence from Congress.

Illusions by Richard Bach: Richard Bach meets a modern messiah-turned-barnstorming-pilot named Donald Shimoda who trains Richard in the ways of a messiah. When Shimoda is shot-gunned to death, Bach becomes the new messiah.

The First Deadly Sin by Lawrence Sanders: Daniel Blank is a mentally unbalanced executive who takes to roaming the streets of New York at night seeking victims whom he murders with a pickaxe. Police captain Edward X. Delaney ferrets him out and chases him to upstate New York, where the killer freezes to death in a snowstorm.

Ordinary People by Judith Guest: Buck Jarret is killed

E

in a sailing accident. Younger brother Conrad makes a suicide attempt and returns from an institution in time to see his parents' marriage dissolve.

MOVIES

The Spy Who Loved Me: An evil billionaire captures Russian and American nuclear submarines and aims their missiles at New York and Moscow. Bond teams up with the beautiful Russian agent Triple X and ultimately causes the submarines to blow each other up. He saves Triple X at the last minute and is rewarded for his efforts by the agent herself in a predictable manner.

Orca the Killer Whale: Richard Harris does. Charlotte Rampling and the killer whale do not.

Greased Lightning: Beau Bridges befriends Richard Pryor and helps him gain acceptance as a black stock car racer. A serious accident appears to end Pryor's career, but he comes out of retirement to win the big race.

Smokey and the Bandit: Burt Reynolds wins the bet and the smokies are foiled.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste: Michael York ends up with his stepmother Ann-Margret and Marty Feldman ends up with his half sister. Everyone else dies.

March or Die: Foreign Legion commander Gene Hackman is killed during the Arab attack. Catherine Deneuve returns to Paris, leaving her lover Terence Hill in Morocco to command the Legion.

Erratum: In August's Spoilers, we accidentally ran the stupid ending to the stupid book of *The Deep* as the stupid ending to the stupid movie of the same name. We stand corrected. The hero lives at the end of the movie.



Editorial cartoon from the Kingston, Jamaica, Daily Gleaner

T

Bullshit

"More than any group, Italians have been disparaged because of the presumed existence of an underworld network, referred to by the media as 'Mafia'"

—Gov. Hugh Carey in a letter to the Order of the Sons of Italy, calling for media and government to cease using the term Mafia. *New York Daily News*, June 30, 1977.

"It's not only the new law," he says, "the newspapers make it look like a sin if you don't smoke it. Mastandrea also foresees a hopeless decline in national security. 'If people are allowed to use marijuana,' he says, 'it will one day catch us asleep at the switch.'"

—Fran Mastandrea, chairman of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Prevention and Education Committee on Drugs, as quoted in "What Now for Pot?" by Shelly Gerwitz. *New York Daily News*, June 30, 1977.

ARTICLE OF THE MONTH:

"A Question of Style," by Lally Weymouth. *Rolling Stone*, August 1, 1977

"Bullshit" doffs its hat to Lally Weymouth's lengthy interview with Diana Vreeland (former fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*,

currently curator of the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York), which features pithy items aplenty, from its oh-shut-up lead ("I remember swimming around Edwina d'Erlanger's pool in Sidi Bou Said in Tunisia!") to La Vreeland's pronuncimientos concerning "style." ("It's a way of life. Without it you're a nobody...It always takes more than money. It can't be just money. Listen, money helps everything. It helps you get breakfast in bed so you can get up more calmly.")

Among other prime morsels are comments on:

Childhood: "Chaliapin was never out of the house—he'd come in and the house would tremble...And then the Castles were in our life. Everything was dancing. The Castles were always doing the Castle Walk and everything was very, very amusing around us."

Social history: "Every actor, of course, had a black valet in those days—I mean, that was the everyday going thing."

Annoyances at the coronation of George V: "You know, it was the most fatiguing, devastating thing, there were such disorganized, rowdy crowds..."

Class oppression: "Well, you see—in '29 the waist

came back, the skirts came down. Before it was here—cut to here. And the bourgeois [*sic*] took over as they always do, and they ruin everything. But nothing can last forever..."

Coco Chanel's collaboration with the Germans during WW II: "I've never taken any side in anything that went on in Paris during the war...because I was not there. I didn't have hungry children. I was in New York and I was cool in summer and warm in winter. I have nothing to say about it. I always think there's a reason for everything!"

Balenciaga: "Balenciaga was incredible. His clothes were devastating. One fainted. One simply blew up and died."

Two other items deserve special mention. One is reporter Weymouth's contention that while at *Vogue* during the sixties, Diana Vreeland "made her magazine into a chronicle of that extraordinary decade." The other is that, lest the reader forget, this article appeared in *Rolling Stone*. (The reader will recall that *Rolling Stone* is the fearless, politically-committed journal of "the counterculture.") Seventeen pages, including pix. Just before the full-page ad for the latest album by the Dicta-

tors. What can a poor boy do, 'cept to play for a rock 'n' roll band? But soft! What light through Jann Wenner breaks?

Masthead

True Section edited by P. J. O'Rourke

"Bullshit" by Ellis Weiner
"Spoilers" by Danny Abelson
"True Facts" by Wendy Mogel

Research Editors: Katrina Vanden Heuvel and Andy Simmons

Contributing Editors: P. Howard Lyon, Lawrence Hochberger, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose, Ben Ellard, Bradley Razook.

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Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are gathered from reliable news sources and are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

Great Ideas of the Recent Past



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An edible, water-soluble plastic bottle was developed by Hercules, Inc., in 1971.

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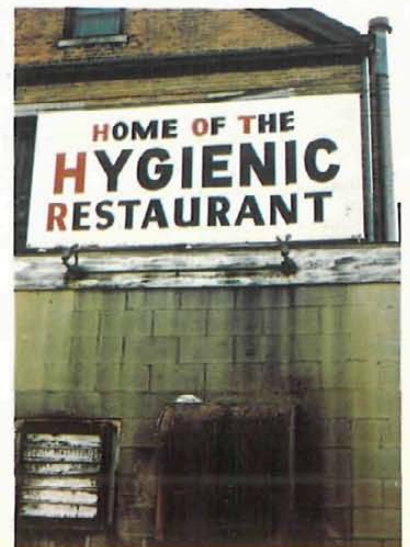


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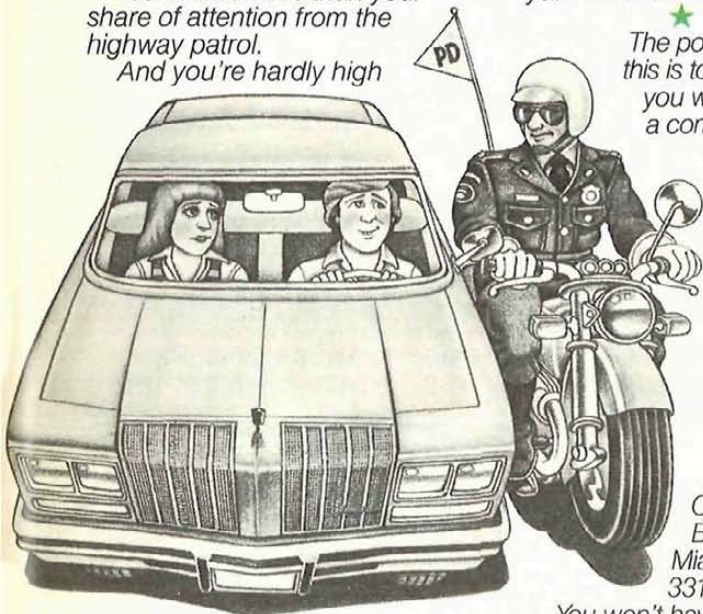
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BEAT THE MEATLES

continued from page 94

Ringo: Oh, tha'! I like tha' joost fine.
(*Laughter*)

Chris: I wonder if I could ask you about some of your song lyrics?

Paul: John was ackshully the walrus.

John: No, no, no. Paul was defini'ly the walrus.

Ringo: I wan'ed to be the walrus. They wouldn't let me be the walrus.

Yoko: Wall-russ. Wall-russ. Wall-russ. Wall-

John: 'Ere, luv, drink soom uv this.
(*Swallowing sounds*)

Chris: Um...what about "Helter Skelter"? Paul, you wrote that, didn't you? What did you have in mind there?

Paul: It's qui' remarkable, tha' one. You migh' not believe me, bu' one mornin' I woke oop feelin' grotty an' decided to wri' a song tha' would inspire a bloody 'orrible mass murder.

John: Imagine his chagrin.

Chris: You...is that really true? Come on.

Paul: No, really. Tha's exackly the way it 'appened.
(*Pause*)

Chris: Uh...
(*Laughter*)

Chris: (*Laughing*) Wow, I thought for a minute....How'd you feel about that Manson thing, anyway?

Ringo: Joost awful, Chris.

John: Turrible.

Chris: People were always interpreting your songs to mean all kinds of outlandish things, finding clues and hidden meanings in the lyrics and in the pictures on the album jackets. I always figured that was primarily bullshit. Was I right?

George: (*Pouring sounds*) No.

Chris: No? They *did* have clues and hidden meanings?

Paul: Oh, shur. F'rinstance, "Hey Jude," when you

decode it, is ackshully a classified NATO nuclear strike-back plan, in case the Rooshians invade.

John: Tha's righ'. And if you play the second verse uv "Baby You Can Drive My Car" backwards, it'll give you the formula for Coca-Cola.

Chris: That's amazing.

Ringo: Wha' you think the song "Yellow Soobmarine" is really about, eh? Take a guess.

Chris: Uh...some kind of drug? Something that came in a yellow capsule?

Ringo: Uh-uh. Take anoother guess.

Chris: Some sort of reference to counter-cultural communal lifestyles?

Ringo: Oh, no, no. Noothin' like tha'. No, "Yellow Soobmarine" is ackshully abou'this time John 'ad diarrhea. We were on a boose without a rest room, so 'e went behind a seat. Which oopset Paul tremendously, I migh' add.
(*Pause*)

Chris: That's...what "Yellow Submarine" is about?

John: Tha's righ'.

Ringo: It's all in the clues and 'idden meanin's.

George: Pass me the wine? Thank you. (*Pouring sounds*) Y'know wha' else? You remember tha' album coover they wouldn't let us use?

Chris: The one with you guys in blood-smeared aprons, with the dolls made up to look like dismembered babies?

George: (*Whispering*) They weren't dolls.

Chris: They...

George: (*Laughs uproariously and makes fart noise*)

Paul: Maybe you should take it a li'ul easy on the blank-dee-blank, eh, George?

George: (*Imitating rooster*) Buh-kuk buh-kawwwwww!
(*Pause*)

Ringo: Really nice apartment, Chris.

Chris: Thanks. Uh, I know you guys know him—what do you think of Mick Jagger?

John: Turrific lips.

Paul: Gives me an erection joost watchin' 'im chew goom.

Chris: Say, speaking of erections, that brings us to a subject that's certainly near and dear to my heart, namely, whacking the ding-dong. Did you guys used to do much of that?

Ringo: (*Modestly*) Oh, well....
(*Laughter*)

Paul: Oh, shur, we all did lots uv tha', bu' especially yoong Ringo 'ere. 'E's a bit uv a legend in the rock 'n' roll world. You've whacked it in soom pretty remarkable places, 'aven't you, mate?

Ringo: Heh-heh.

Yoko: Whacked it! Whacked it! Whacked it! Whacked—

John: Easy, luv. Settle down, now.

Chris: So, Ringo, you really like to flog the hog, eh?

Ringo: I can't deny it, Chris, I 'ave been known to ploonk the magic twanger froom time to time.

Chris: Well, Ringo, would you care to...*expand* on that?

Ringo: (*Chuckling*) Soomtimes I'd do it behind me drooms, righ' in the middle of a concert.

Chris: Really?

Paul: (*Giggling into his hands*) 'E did, 'e did, 'e used to splatter 'alf the people in the first ten rows.

Ringo: They'd think it was sweat or soomthin', flyin' off one anoother.

John: 'E'd make a special li'ul beat on the tom-tom, to warn us when to dook.

Chris: But...if you were using both your hands to play the drums...what were you using to wring the weasle?

Ringo: A bionic arm!
(*Explosion of laughter. Wine pouring*)

continued

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BEAT THE MEATLES

continued

George: (*Clapping hands, imitating seal*) Ow ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow!

Paul: I think George is gonna be pootin' on a lampshade next.

George: (*Putting on lampshade*) Ow ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow!

Yoko: The bird sings sweet. (*Whistles like bird*)

John: This is gettin' vurry ecological in 'ere soodenly. Could I 'ave anoother joint, man?

Chris: Sure. Comin' right up. (*Sucking noises*)

Chris: The next thing I was wondering about—

Paul: I'm paranoid!

Chris: You're...?

Paul: I'm soodenly paranoid! Yur *doop's* too good!

Chris: Is he ser—

Ringo: 'Ere, stay out uv 'is way, mate.

Paul: Spiders! Spiders!

John: Spiders now? Wha' is this, "The Wide Würlid uv Animals"?

George: (*Clapping hands*) Ow ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow!

Paul: *Don't le' them ge' me!*

Chris: It must have been very interesting, you guys working together.

Paul: Oh! It's okay now, I'm fine. Don't wurry abou' me. Everything's all righ'.

Ringo: Are you sure, then?

Paul: I'm really absolu'y fine. I'm fine.

Ringo: Well, I'm glad uv—

Paul: *Don't touch me!*

John: Oh, coom on, Paul.

Paul: *Yah! Yahhhhhhhhhhhhh!*

Chris: Should I call a doctor or something?

Ringo: Oh, no, we remember 'ow to 'andle Paulie, don't we, lads?

George: Righ'. Let's do it.

Paul: No! Stop! *Please!* Hey! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

George: Ickle tickle tickle! Ickle tickle tickle!

Paul: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Stop! I'll be good! I promise! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Ringo: John, I've always woondered soomethin'. Why'd you 'ave tha' sanitary napkin tied to yur 'ead, tha' time out in Los Angeles?

John: I guess I joost 'ad the rag on tha' nigh'.

Yoko: John! Not funny!

John: Sorry, luv.

Paul: Let me oop! Please!

John: You really promise you'll be good?

Paul: Yes! Yes! I swear.

Ringo: All righ'. There you go. (*Gradually diminishing panting sounds*)

George: Thur, you feel better now, Paulie?

Paul: Mooch. Thanks.

Chris: John, someone mentioned something earlier about you having diarrhea in a bus. Do you have it today? When you first got here you went into the bathroom, and when you got out, it really smelled bad in there.

John: Righ' you are, mate. Diarrhea again today.

George: John 'as an age-old luv-'ate relationship with the stoof.

Chris: Really!?! That's fascinating. You know what we used to call it in high school? Diarrhea, I mean? We called it "a fart with fluid drive." (*Laughter*)

John: (*Laughing*) Vurry good. I can really rela' to tha'.

Yoko: (*Laughing*) John poopee smell! (*Holds nose*)

Chris: John, let's really get down to brass tacks. How do you relate to diarrhea? Like, how do you experience it as different from discrete, cohesive bowel movements?

John: Well, I like the way it cooms ou' uv thur all a'oonce, instead uv in dribs an' drabs. Y'know? Joost one quick (*makes liquid sound effect*) an' yur all finished!

Chris: Leaving behind that delicious sense of intestinal void, right?

continued on page 117

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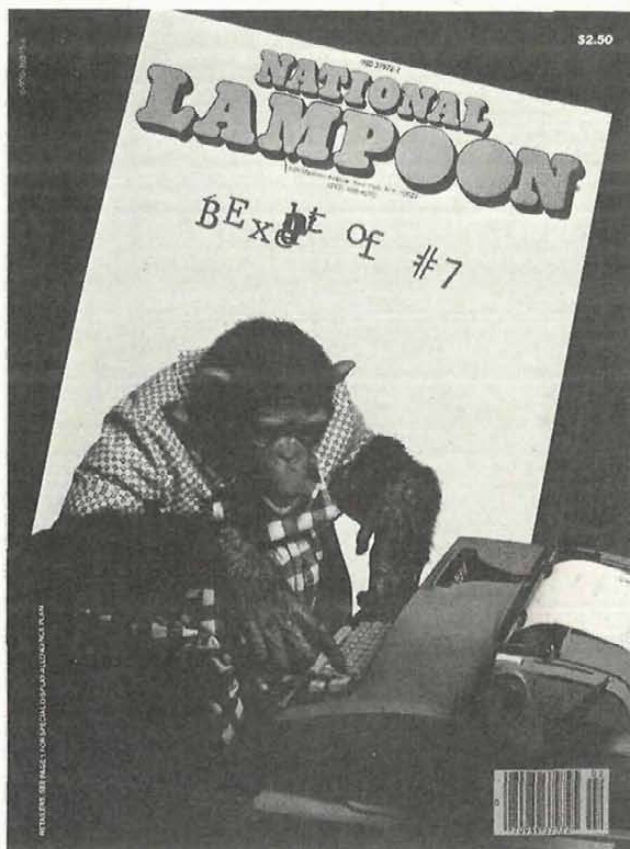
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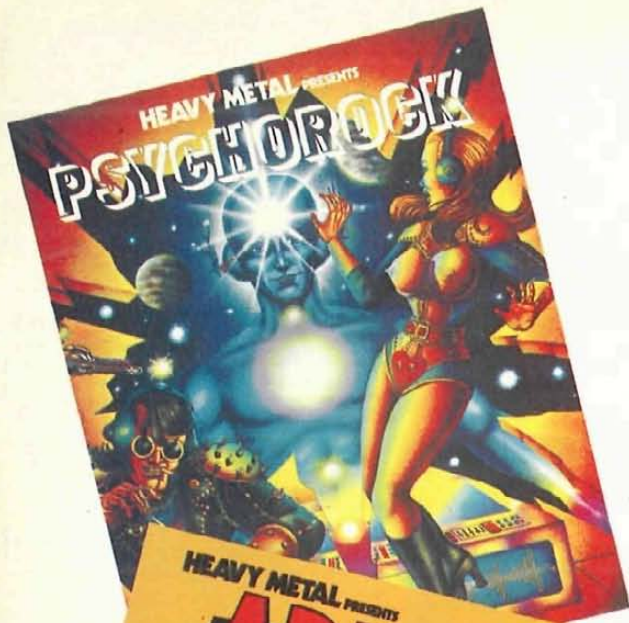
Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine from France, has landed and has taken North America by storm. In the few months during which issues of *Heavy Metal* have been on sale, they have sold out at magazine stands and in stores everywhere. The publishers report the biggest flow of subscription requests in the ten-year history of 21st Century Communications, the same company that publishes *National Lampoon* and has introduced numerous other successful magazines.

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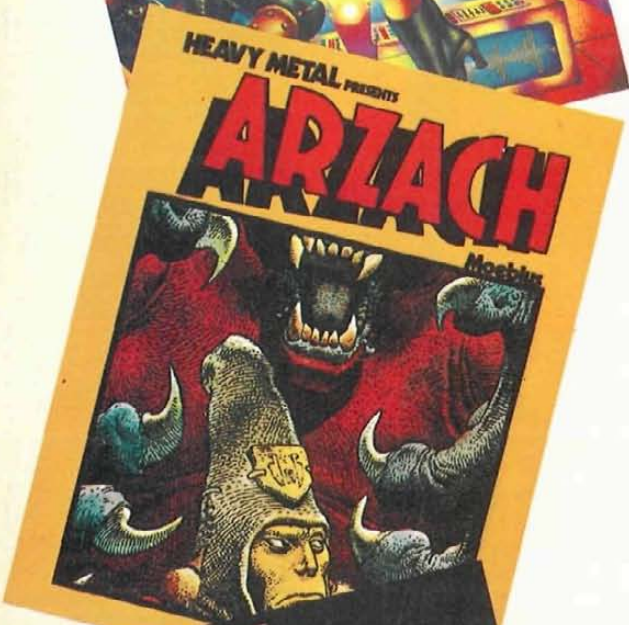
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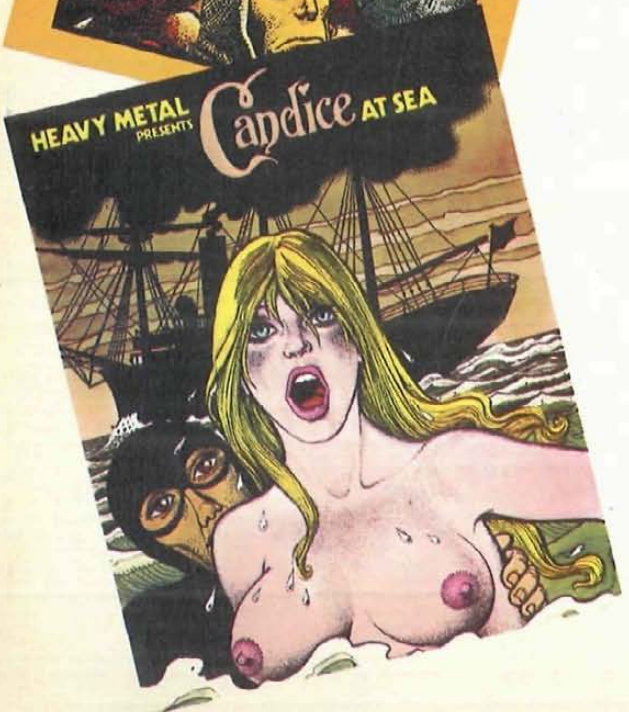
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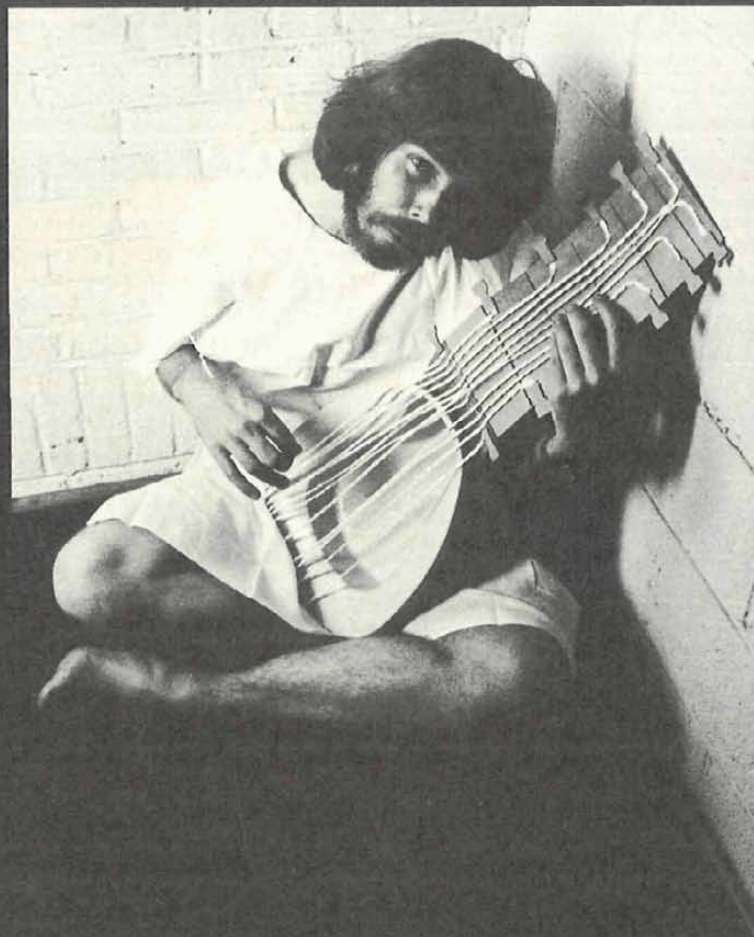
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Collector's Items



DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics. This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the 58 Bulgemoobles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n Andy

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillane, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon as Big as the Taft

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, The Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With *True Politics* magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our Whyte Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, The Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God comics # 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With *The National Insider*, The Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster # 4, and *Ivory* magazine

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With The Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With The Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, *Gun Lust* Magazine, and Rodrigues' *Hemophunies*

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Pop Workbench*, *Techno-Tactics*, Non-Polluting Power Sources, *National Science Fair* Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry, & Freedom

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God Comics # 3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubintong's Fuzz Against Bunk

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitedove comics, *Victory Supplement*, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?! With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and *Bad Day*

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon Building*, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, *Airline Magazine*, Amish in Space, RMS Tyrannic Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheesburg

MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemoobles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Wearily Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wine-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, *Corporate Farmers' Almanac*, Rodrigues' *Gastronomique Comique*, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, *Soul Drinks*, Surprise Poster # 7, and True Menu

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Batfart Comics*

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and *Tampoon Period Piece*

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rocketteller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and *Watergate Down*

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, *Watergate Trivia Test*, and *Night of the Iceless Capades*

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dinglebernes, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With Barbara and His Enemies, Gone with the Wind '75, *Englandland*, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker Parody*

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, the 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Bail, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and Our Wonderful Bodies

JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE: With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worst Monster, *Parlourbook*, *Orqygami*, and *Cloot*

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fag Hag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks is God, *Airport '69*, and *Glitter Bums*

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With The Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherent Their Wind, and *World Night Court*

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire Parody*

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deaf, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and The Infamous Cuban Homo Farm

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirking*, and Hire the Handicapped

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody

JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE: With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, *Couched in Secrecy*, and The Conspiring Photographer

FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS: With *Simply Picasso*, Art Dreco, Clowning Around with Tits, the *ARTnews* parody, and the Lincoln, Nebraska, Center for the Performing Arts

MARCH, 1976/IN LIKE A LION: Out with Blow Me, The Snuff Movie, Turtle Farms, and the Monty Python parody

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, The U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here

MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS: With *The Times of Indra*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietsname, and the Culture Vultures section

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kelauffer High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weakly*, and another Bernie Xpose

SEPTEMBER, 1976—THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer

OCTOBER, 1976—THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verlan, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons

NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scienterrific American* parody

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), *The Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial

MARCH, 1977/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Poisonous Junk, Stuff That Blows Up, and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast

APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV! With T-Bird and Monza, T/V magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concorde, and Dinah's Dumpster

MAY, 1977/GAY ISH: With *Better Homes and Closets* magazine, *Frosts—An Oral History*, a report on Navajomos, *Goddam Faggots!* by Rodrigues, and the Truman Capote parody

JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries, webtracks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's got rich tips, and Sam Gross

JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hate Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn pics, skin books, *stroke mags*, and the Last, True-Life Western Romance

AUGUST, 1977/CHEAP THRILLS: With *Wasted Times* magazine, More Tales of Uncle Mike, Can I get a job at the *National Lampoon?*, *Sleeping with the Stars*, and *Kickz*

SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP! With health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grow-ups Can Do Anything.

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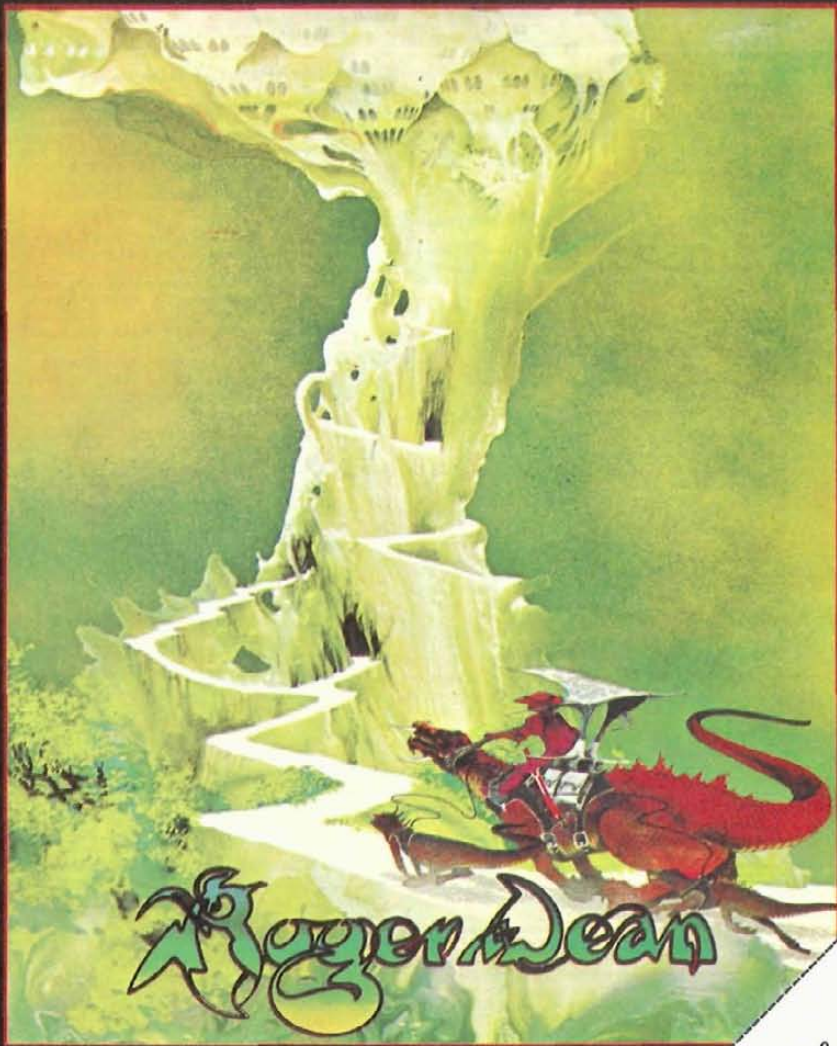
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BEAT THE MEATLES

continued from page 109

John: Right! Right! I can see you an' me're qui' similar in this regard. You know wha' I 'ate most? When it cooms out in li'ul 'ard balls. Tha's totally froostratin' to me, li'ul 'ard balls.

George: Anyone feel like a pizza, then?

Chris: Gee, I hate little hard balls, too. I guess we are a lot alike. How about, you know, those long ones?

John: Oh, you mean "sausages." Tha's wha' I call 'em. Those're the best, man! I remember this time in 'amburg—

Yoko: Cat! Big fluffy cat!

Paul: Who's this, then? Is he a Persian?

Chris: Oh, that's Otis. Yeah. he's a—

Yoko: Pretty!

George: D'joo name 'im after Otis Redding?

John: No, you dotard, 'e named 'im after the elevators.

Chris: Well, he's mostly named after Otis Redding, but he's also named after Otis Williams and the Charms, and Johnny Otis, and all those other Otises that were on all those old R&B records.

John: D'you 'ave old records, then? Froom the fifties?

Chris: Do I have old records?! Hey, man....

Ringo: Oh, a grea' big basket full uv 'em! 'Ere, let's see tha'.

John: 'Ey, the Harptones! The Midnighters! The Diablos! Paulie, look a' these! Can we play soom, Chris?

Chris: Sure! Pick 'em out.

John: 'Ow 'bout this one by the Moonglows?

George: Which one, John? Which one?

John: 'Old on, you'll 'ear.

Moonglows: Most of all, I want your (wahhhh) warm embrace...

Paul: I luv the part where they go (sings), "Wahhh."

Chris: I love that part, too. I love the Moonglows's harmonies.

Ringo: 'Ere's soom old Sun sides...

George: "Mystery Train"! "Mystery Train"! Let's 'ear this next!

Paul: We're not keepin' you from anything, are we, man?

Chris: Oh, no, not at all. Listen to this part coming up here. They do an "oooooooooooh" that's incredible.

Moonglows: Ooooooooooooh...

Ringo: Tha' was an incredible "oooooooooooh." This is really foon! Let's do this all night!
(Laughter. Wine pouring)

George: Ooh! Bo Diddley! Play this one next instead!

Chris: Sure. Pass it ovverpp—

Tape: *(Spinning in pick-up reel)*
Ticka ticka ticka ticka ticka... □

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23	Univ. of New Haven, New Haven, Conn.	23	Armstrong College, Savannah, Ga.
24–25	My Father's Place, Roslyn, N.Y.	26	Ivanhoe Theatre, Chicago, Ill.
26	Jersey City State College, Jersey City, N.J.	27–28	Rev's Flying Circus, Milwaukee, Wisc.
27	Middlesex County College, Edison, N.J.	29	Royal Oak Theatre, Detroit, Mich.
28–10/1	The Bijou, Philadelphia, Pa.	30	Duquesne Univ., Pittsburgh, Pa.
October 2	Tufts Univ., Boston, Mass.	31	The Agora, Cleveland, Ohio
5–9	Paul's Mall, Boston, Mass.	November 2–5	El Mocambo, Toronto, Canada
10–12	Cellar Door, Washington, D.C.	6	Queens University, Kingston, Ont.
13	Univ. of Maryland, College Park, Md.	15	Monmouth College, W. Long Branch, N.J.
14	Empire Theatre, Richmond, Va.	16	Towson State College, Towson, Maryland
15	Bogie's, Knoxville, Tenn.	17	Old Dominion Univ., Norfolk, Va.
16–17	Exit Inn, Nashville, Tenn.	25–12/4	Coconut Grove, Miami, Florida
18	Nicholls State Univ., Thibodaux, La.		



"The ancient secret of Sidi-Bel-Abbes was within my grasp...and so was the girl."

It was well after midnight. The sleek, black limousine slid around the corner and stopped under my terrace on the second floor of Marrakech's sumptuous La Mamounia Hotel.

It was the signal I had awaited. My heart raced. Was I about to uncover the ancient secret of Sidi-Bel-Abbes? So many times before it had slipped through my fingers. I tossed my smoldering gold-tipped Fatima cigarette into a wide brass ashtray and whisked on my trenchcoat.

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